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EUTHYPHRO

THE Dialogue begins with a meeting between Socrates and Euthyphro in the neighbourhood of one of the Courts of Law.

EU. 'What novelty has happened, Socrates, that you have left the walls of the Lyceum and are now pacing the King's Portico? You surely have not a lawsuit in the Court which sits there?'

SOC. 'The Athenians, Euthyphro, do not call my business a suit, but an indictment: not a civil, but a criminal process.'

EU. 'How say you? Has any one brought an indictment against you? For I will never believe that you have brought one against another person.' SOC. 'No, certainly.' EU. 'Then another has indicted you?' SOC. 'Even so.'

Eu. 'And who?' Soc. 'I do not myself, Euthyphro, exactly know the man. He seems to me a young man and an ignorant one. His name is, I think, Meletus. He is of the district of Pitthis. Do you happen to know any Meletus of that district, a man with long smooth hair, a thin beard, and a hook nose?' Eu. 'I do not know him, Socrates. But what is his indictment against you, Socrates?'

Soc. 'What is it? A very weighty and high-pitched one indeed, as seems to me. That he, young man as he is, should be master of so great a subject, is no small thing. He knows, as he says, in what way the minds of young men are corrupted, and who are the persons who corrupt them. He must be a very wise man; and looking with displeasure at me, as a person who, by my erroneous views, corrupts young men of his own age, he runs to the City as a boy runs to his mother, and lays an accusation against me. He seems to me to be the only one of our politicians who

begins at the right end. It is quite right to attend to the improvement of the young men first, to make them good, as the husbandman considers the young plants as the most important. Meletus will in the first place mend us, who spoil, he says, these young plants, and then no doubt afterwards attend to the older men, and so do infinite good to the state.'

We cannot fail to see the indignation that is masked under this ironical praise, calm as the manner is. Euthyphro expresses this feeling more directly.

'I wish it may so turn out, Socrates: but I am afraid that the opposite result will happen. Those who attack you seem to me to begin the destruction of the city by tearing up the hearthstone. But tell me, what he says that you do? what he means by corrupting young men?'

Soc. 'It is really an absurd story, my friend. He says that I make new gods,

and do not acknowledge the established ones.'

Eu. 'I understand, Socrates. He means your Dæmon or divine guide that you say accompanies you. And this he makes a point to found his accusation upon, and brings you before the Court of Justice, knowing that such accusations produce an effect on the Many. And so it is. They laugh at me also, whenever I pretend to prophesy, and yet I always prophesy truly. It is all envy: but we must not heed them.'

Soc. 'Well, Euthyphro: perhaps there is no great harm in being laughed at. But it seems to me that though the Athenians are not angry with a man for being wise, they are very angry with any one who makes others wise. If they only laugh at me, as you say they do at you, it may be easy to let them have their laugh and have done with it: but if they take the matter in earnest, it is difficult for any one to

know what course things will take, except for a prophet like you.'

Eu. 'But I hope, Socrates, no harm will come of it, and that you will win your cause, and I shall win mine.'

Soc. 'And pray, Euthyphro, what is your lawsuit? Are you defender or pursuer?' Eu. 'I am pursuer in a case where it may appear insane to pursue.' Soc. 'What? are you pursuing some one who has wings like a bird?' Eu. 'He is very far from having wings: for he is a very old man.' Soc. 'And who is it?' Eu. 'My father.' Soc. 'Your own father?' Eu. 'Even so.' Soc. 'And what is the complaint? What is the charge?' Eu. 'Homicide, Socrates.'

Soc. 'Bless me! Certainly, Euthyphro, common folks know very little what is right and what is wrong. For I do not think any common person could have thought such a proceeding right: you must have reached a high pitch of wisdom to see that.'

Eu. 'Undoubtedly, Socrates, a very high pitch.'

Soc. 'But is it one of your own family who has been killed by your father? But I need not ask. It is plain it must be so. You would not, on behalf of a stranger, have brought such an accusation against him.'

Eu. 'It is very absurd, Socrates, that you think it makes any difference whether the man who is killed is a stranger or a relative. You ought to know that all that needs attention is this, whether the man that killed him was in the right in doing so; and if he was in the right, to leave him alone: but if not, to prosecute him even if he be your nearest friend. For in any case you make yourself equally a partaker of his crime if you do not invoke the operation of the Law.

'As for the man who is killed, he was a labourer of mine, who worked on my farm at Naxos; and he being in drink and in a rage with one of our servants,

slew him. So my father bound him hand and foot and put him into a cellar, and sent a man hither to inquire of the magistrates what was to be done. And in the mean time took no care of the prisoner, as supposing that it made little difference if a murderer, as he was, died: and so he did die. He perished from hunger and cold and confinement before the messenger returned from the magistrate.

'And my father and the other servants are indignant that I prosecute my father for homicide; for, as they say, he did not kill the man; and if he did, it was a matter not worth caring about, the man himself being a murderer: and that it is an impious thing for a son to prosecute his father for homicide. You see, Socrates, they do not know what is impious and what is pious.'

The case of homicide is of so mitigated and doubtful a character that there is no great principle of morality involved in the discussion of it; and,

accordingly, the discussion does not depend upon the amount of crime, but on the general question whether it is consistent with piety to prosecute one's father; and then, as growing out of this, according to Socratic habits of thought, what is piety and what is impiety. Euthyphro, as we see, sets up for an authority on such matters, and therefore is to be brought to a more moderate mood by a course of Socratic conversation; and the difficulty of finding a tenable definition of Piety is to be made to bear on the accusation of Socrates for Impiety. Socrates immediately makes his attack.

Soc. 'But for heaven's sake, Euthyphro, do you think you know so exactly about right and wrong, and piety and impiety, that the case being as you have stated it, you have no fear that you, in prosecuting your father, may be doing an impious thing?'

Eu. 'I should be good for little, Socrates. Euthyphro would be no better

than another man if I did not know all this exactly.'

Soc. 'Then, my excellent Euthyphro, the best thing to be done is for me to become your pupil; and before this trial of myself comes on, I will appeal to Meletus, and will tell him that I have always all through my life tried to know about right and wrong, and now that he says I have been too rash and have gone wrong by running after novelties in such subjects, I have become your disciple. I would say to him, O Meletus, you allow that Euthyphro is wise in such matters and knows what is right, so suppose me to be right too and do not prosecute me: prosecute my master rather than me, who does mischief to old men, [as you say I do to young ones:] mischief to me in teaching me wrong, and to his own father in condemning and punishing him. And if he did not do as I requested, and cease to prosecute me, or prosecute you instead of me, I would

use the same arguments in the court of justice on the trial, which I had used to him.'

Eu. 'By my troth, Socrates, if he were to set about accusing me, I should soon find out his weak place, and there would be a good deal more to be said about him in the court of justice than about me.'

Soc. 'My dear friend, I know that very well, and that is why I want to be your pupil; knowing that both Meletus and other persons see no harm in you, but look into me so deeply and so sharply that they accuse me of impiety. So now for God's sake, tell me that which you just now assured me you knew so well: What is pious and what is impious, both in cases of homicide and in other cases? Or is piety a thing which is not in all cases the same? Is impiety not always the opposite of piety? Is everything which is impious conformable to the same idea?'

Eu. 'Certainly, Socrates.'

Soc. 'Tell me then, what is Pious and what is Impious?'

Eu. 'I reply, that is pious which I am now doing, in prosecuting an offender for homicide or sacrilege or the like, even if he be your father or your mother, and I say that it is impious not to prosecute.

'And I will give you a proof that the rule is so, and that this is right, not to spare an offender whoever he be. For men hold that Jupiter is supremely good and just among the gods, and they say that he put his father in bonds and mutilated him, because he devoured his children, and the like misdeeds. And yet they blame me because I prosecute my father when he is an offender, and thus they contradict themselves in what they say about the gods and about me.'

Soc. 'In truth, Euthyphro, that is the reason why I am here to undergo this prosecution; that when any one says such things about the gods, I am

grieved, and take it ill; and that is the wrong which they object to on my part.

'But now, as you who know so well about such matters, are of the same opinion, we must I suppose make up our minds to believe these stories: for we have no pretension to know anything about them. But tell me, for friendship's sake, do you really think that those things happened?'

Eu. 'Yes, and more wonderful things still, Socrates, which the common people know nothing about.'

Soc. 'And so you think that the gods really did make war upon one another; and that there were among them enmities and fightings and the like, such as the poets tell of; and such as we see in the tapestry which is exhibited at the Panathenian festival.'

Eu. 'Not only there, Socrates, but as I just now said, I could, if you liked to listen, tell you many things about the gods which it would astonish you to hear.'

Soc. 'I should not wonder; but you shall tell me these at some other time when we have leisure. But now, if you please, try to answer my question more precisely than you have yet done. For I asked you what is Piety, and you replied that it is what you are doing now, prosecuting your father for homicide.'

Eu. 'And I said truly, Socrates.'

Soc. 'May be so: but, Euthyphro, there are other things which are included in piety, are there not?'

Eu. 'Certainly.'

Soc. 'Well then; remember that I did not request you to name to me one or two of the many things which are included in piety, but to tell me in virtue of what essential character pious things are pious. For you said that there was a general idea by which pious things were pious, and impious things were impious. Or do you not remember?'—Eu. 'I do.'

Soc. 'Well now; tell me what this

idea is, that I may be able to look at it: and use it as a criterion, and may know that what agrees with it, done by you or any other, is pious, and what does not agree is impious.'

Eu. 'Well, Socrates, if you wish it I will tell you that.'

Soc. 'I certainly do wish it.'

Eu. 'What is pleasing to the gods is pious; what is unpleasing to them is impious.'

Soc. 'Excellently well said, Euthyphro, and just such a definition as I wished for.

'But whether it is true, I do not yet know. Of course you are ready to prove to me that it is true.' Eu. 'Certainly.'

Here we have obvious matter for discussion. For Euthyphro, who now says that piety is what is pleasing to the gods, had just before asserted that the gods quarrel with one another. But when persons quarrel they differ, and they quarrel most when they differ

about right and wrong. If the gods differ about anything, they must differ about such things. Then what is pleasing to one of them will be displeasing to another; and so the same thing may be pious and impious. 'And so, Euthyphro, you have not answered my question, which was, the difference between what is pious and what is impious. You in prosecuting your father, may be doing what is pleasing to Jupiter, and displeasing to Saturn and Uranus.' Euthyphro says that the gods cannot differ as to whether a man should be punished who has committed homicide wrongfully. 'No,' says Socrates; 'did you ever hear any one say that a man should not be punished who has done anything wrongfully? But then they dispute whether the thing was done wrongfully. And so as men differ about right and wrong, the gods may do so too. And so tell me, my dear Euthyphro, how you know certainly that in such a case as yours, you are

right.' Euthyphro says, 'It would be a long story.' 'Ha,' says Socrates, 'I see you think that I am harder to satisfy than your judges will be. You expect to convince them.' 'Yes,' says Euthyphro, 'if they will hear me.' Soc. 'Oh, they will hear you, who speak so well. But even if you had proved your case to me ever so well, this would not have answered my question, What is pious and what is impious? Let us return to that question.'

But they return to the question under a new aspect. The former argument had been derived from the circumstances of the Grecian polytheism; but the question to which they now proceed belongs to the theology of all times of careful thought about the foundations of religion and morality, and is indeed a question still discussed among theologians: it is this: Is what is right, right because it is pleasing to God, or is it pleasing to God because it is right? Instead of right the word is that which

is mainly the subject of discussion in this dialogue, 'hosion,' 'holy' or 'pious,' but the question will be best understood as I have stated it. Euthyphro requires to have the question explained and illustrated before he can understand it. This being done, they come to agree that what is right, is pleasing to the gods because it is right; and thus Socrates then requires still a definition of what is right independent of its being pleasing to the gods.

Upon this Euthyphro confesses himself puzzled and perplexed by the way in which all the suppositions which he makes—his 'hypotheses'—successively slip away from him.

Socrates on this uses the same illustration which he used in the Meno; he says that these hypotheses are like the images of Dædalus which slip out of our hands. He says: 'If my hypotheses had done this you might have made this jest upon me: but now I have the jest against you.' Euthyphro replies,

'But it is you who make my hypotheses run away. If you had left them alone, they would not have gone.' Socrates replies, 'You make a cleverer person than Dædalus himself: and in truth I am clever in this way against my will. I should like to find doctrines that will stay permanently with us. I should like this much better than to have, as I seem to have, the cleverness of Dædalus added to the treasures of Tantalus.'

Socrates then goes on to accuse his companion of being too delicate and indolent to pursue these discussions with proper spirit, and propounds to him another question, whether piety is the whole of rightness, or (to use a more appropriate word,) righteousness, or only a part of it. Euthyphro at first is puzzled by the question; and Socrates to illustrate it quotes the poet Stasinus:

> Jupiter, maker of all, who arranged
> the world that surrounds us,
> Darest thou not to name: for where
> there is fear there is reverence.

'I,' he says, 'differ with the poet; for men fear things which they do not reverence, poverty for instance. But I say that where there is reverence there is fear. Men reverence righteousness, and thence fear to do wrong. Fear is a wider expression than reverence. Reverence is a kind of Fear, and therefore a part of Fear, as Odd is a kind of Number, and a part of the notion of Number. And now, are we to say that where there is Righteousness there is Piety; or are we rather to say that where there is Piety there is Righteousness, but that where there is Righteousness, there is not necessarily Piety, Piety being only a part of Righteousness?'— So led, Euthyphro assents to this view.

Socrates points out that the question then arises: What part of Righteousness is Piety? 'Tell me,' he says, 'that I may require Meletus not to do me wrong by accusing me of impiety, when I have learnt so well from you what piety is.'

Euthyphro is now able to give a definition to his own satisfaction. He says, 'Piety is the part of Righteousness which is concerned about the service of the gods. The remainder of Righteousness is that which leads to the utility of men.'

This Socrates praises as well said. 'But still,' he says, 'there is one small matter wanting. This service of the gods, what is it? To serve the gods is expressed by the same word as to tend horses, and dogs, and oxen, and this tendance is for the benefit of the thing tended. Well then, is this service of the gods for the benefit of the gods? Do you do the gods any good by your service? Of course you did not mean it. But I asked you that you might tell me what kind of service of the gods you do mean.' Euthyphro answers, 'The service of servants to masters.'

'But this kind of service again is described by the same word as the office of the physician, or the house-builder,

or the shipwright. Now each of these has it for his business to produce some work—health, a house, a ship. What then is that work,—most admirable it must be—which we can do for the gods?' —'O,' says Euthyphro, 'we can do many such works.' 'But,' says Socrates, 'what is the best of these works?'

Euthyphro answers with some circumlocution, but the main point of his reply is that we must by prayers and sacrifices make the gods propitious to us, our families, and the state.

Socrates receives this reply with his usual playfulness. 'You might have told me in a shorter form,' he says; 'but I see you do not wish to instruct me. If you had gone a step further, I should have known what piety is. But I must follow you as well as I may. You say then that piety consists in prayers and sacrifices. Now sacrifice is giving something to the gods, and prayer is asking something from them. Is it not so?'

Euthyphro says, 'You have well

caught my meaning.' 'That is,' says Socrates, 'because I am so eager to learn from you. Nothing which you say falls to the ground. And so you say that the service of the gods is giving to them and asking from them?'—Eu. 'Even so.'

Soc. 'But then to ask aright we must ask what we need; and to give aright we must give what they need.'—Eu. 'Granted.'—Soc. 'Then piety is a sort of bargain with the gods?'—Eu. 'Why yes, you may call it a bargain if you like to do so.'—Soc. 'I do not like to do so unless it be true. But tell me what use can our gifts be to the gods? What they give us is plain, for everything which we have is their gift. But what can they be advantaged by what we give? Or have we so much the better of the bargain, that we receive all good from them, and they get no good from us?'

Eu. 'Why, do you think, Socrates, that the gods are benefited by what they receive from us?'

Soc. 'If they are not, what are these gifts of ours to the gods, which you have been speaking about?'

Eu. 'What can you suppose, except honour and reverence and gratitude?'

Soc. 'Then, Euthyphro, piety is gratitude to the gods, and not anything which is useful or pleasing to them?'

Eu. 'I think that piety is in the highest degree pleasing to them.'

Soc. 'And so piety is what is pleasing to the gods?'

Eu. 'Certainly.'

Soc. 'When you speak so, you cannot wonder that your assertions will not remain fixed, but move away. You say that I am the Dædalus who makes them go away, but you are a cleverer artist than Dædalus, for you make them go round in a circle. Do you not see that we are come round to the point that we started from? Do you not recollect that piety, and that which is pleasing to the gods, were held by us not to be the same thing, a little while

ago? And now you say they are the same thing. Either we were wrong then, or we are wrong now.'—Eu. 'So it seems.'

Soc. 'Well then we must begin again from the beginning, for I will not give it up. Now pray give me your full attention and tell me the truth; for of a surety you know it, if any one does. I will hold you, like Proteus, and not let you go till you tell me. If you had not known quite well what was pious and what was impious, you would not have undertaken a prosecution against your father. You would have been withheld by fear of the gods and reverence for men. Of course you know what I ask. Tell it me therefore.'

Eu. 'Another time, Socrates. I have now an engagement which must take me away.'

Soc. 'Alas! my friend, what are you doing? You kick me down from the lofty summit of my hope, and go away. I expected to learn from you what piety

really is, and thus to get rid of the accusation of Meletus; showing him that I have taken lessons of Euthyphro and am no longer in the way of propounding rash and new-fangled speculations about divine matters; but am a reformed man for the rest of my life.'

It is evident that the dramatic catastrophe of this dialogue is the defeat of Euthyphro, who had throughout claimed a complete knowledge on the subject of piety, and who is so entirely driven from his ground by the arguments of Socrates, that he covers his confusion by going away on the pretext of an engagement elsewhere.

THE APOLOGY

OR DEFENCE OF SOCRATES

THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES

'How you, men of Athens, have been affected by my accusers, I know not; but for my part, in listening to them, I no longer knew myself, so persuasively did they speak. And yet there is not a word of truth in what they have said. But among the false statements which they made, there was one at which I especially marvelled, namely, when they warned you to take care that you were not led astray by me, inasmuch as I was a powerful speaker. It did appear to me supremely audacious in them to make such an assertion, which must immediately afterwards be disproved by the fact; for you will soon see that I have no skill in speaking,

unless they call a man a powerful speaker because he says what is true. If they mean this, I certainly must allow that I am a speaker of a very different kind from them; for they, as I have said, have not spoken a word of truth; from me you shall hear the whole truth: and that, not clothed in ornate sentences with studied terms and expressions; you will have from me plain facts expressed in the plainest language. Indeed, Athenians, it would ill become me at my age to come before you with a studied discourse like a boy. And there is one thing, O Athenians, which I must beg and entreat of you: if I use in my defence the same terms which I have been accustomed to use in the market-place and in the shops, where most of you have heard me talking, do not wonder at that, nor take offence. For this is the fact. I now enter a court of justice for the first time, though I am more than seventy years old. I am therefore altogether

strange to the kind of language used here. And therefore excuse me, as if I really were a stranger, if I speak to you in that tone and in that manner in which I have been brought up. I ask you a thing which is, I think, reasonable, that you take no account of the manner of my address to you—it might be better, it might be worse, perhaps—but to consider this, to attend to this, whether I say what is right or not; for that is the virtue of a Judge, as to speak truly is the virtue of an Advocate.

'It is my business then, Athenians, first to answer the first of the false accusations which have been brought against me, and the accusers who have brought them; and then, the later charges and the later speakers. For I have been the object of many charges, addressed to you, for many years, all false; and of these I am more afraid than of Anytus and his associates, though they are formidable enough.

But those are more formidable still, O Judges, who have taken possession of the minds of most of you from your boyhood, and have filled them with ill opinions of me, in which there is no truth at all; to the effect that there is a certain Socrates, a wise man, who studies the things that are in the sky, and explores the things that are under the earth, and makes the worse appear the better reason. Those, O Athenians, who have circulated this opinion of me, are my formidable accusers; for those who hear these accusations suppose that the persons to whom they apply do not believe in the gods. Now those who say such things are accusers who have been urging their accusation for a long time, in the hearing of you, some of you from your boyhood, some of you from your childhood, and so you have come to believe it, the accusation being urged without a word of defence on the other side. And what is very absurd, we cannot know the names of

those accusers, except that, it may be, one might point out one who is a maker of comedies. But all the rest who, actuated by envy and calumny, gave effect to these notions, and those who, being persuaded by these, persuaded others, are quite inaccessible: I cannot bring any one of them hither into court, nor cross-examine him; in defending myself against these accusers, I am compelled to fight with a shadow, and to ask questions which there is nobody to answer. Do you then take this into account, that as I say, there are two sets of accusers, those whom you have just heard speaking against me, and those others of whom I have spoken; and you will see that it is best to reply to the latter first; for you heard their accusation first, and they have more influence than the others.

'Be it so. I have then to defend myself against this ancient calumny, and to remove in a short time a persuasion

which has been in possession of you for a long time. I hope I may succeed for your sake, as for my sake, if it is for our good, and that I may plead successfully. But I know how difficult this must be. But let the result be as God pleases; I must obey the law and make my defence.

'Let us go back to the beginning, and consider what this calumny is which Meletus has taken up, and incorporated it in his accusation. What is this calumny? Let us put it in the form of an indictment. Socrates is guilty of a criminal curiosity, inquiring into things under the earth and things in the skies, and making the worse appear the better reason, and teaching others to do the like. It is to this effect, for you yourselves have seen stuff of this kind in the comedy of Aristophanes. You have seen there a certain Socrates represented, who says that he is air-travelling, and utters many other follies, about matters of

which I understand nothing, great or small. I say this not as despising such knowledge, if any one has it. Let not Meletus bring an accusation against me on that account! But, men of Athens! I have nothing to do with such speculations; and to this I call the greater part of you yourselves as witnesses. You may state the facts to one another, as many of you as have ever heard me conversing, and many of you have. Tell one another, then, whether you ever heard me telling much or little about such matters; and from this part of the accusation you may judge of the truth of the rest of the charges. But all this is false.

'And if you have heard from any one that I pretend to teach men, and receive money for so doing, that also is false. I think it is a very admirable talent, if any one has the power of teaching men, like Gorgias of Leontium, and Prodicus of Keos, and Hippias of Elis. Any one of these, O Judges, can go into any of

our cities, and so attract the youth, that though they might have the conversation of their fellow-citizens for nothing, they leave that, and induce them to come to them on condition of making large payments, and consider themselves as under an obligation besides. Thear, too, that there is another very clever man arrived, a Parian; for I was lately with a person who spends more money on these Sophists than all the rest together, Callias, the son of Hipponicus, and I asked him (he has two sons)—"If, Callias, your sons were colts or calves, we should have been able to find and to hire a manager for them who would bring them into good condition and make them good of their kind; but who can make them good in their actual kind, good as men and as citizens? I suppose that as you have sons, you have considered this question. Is there any such person or no?"—"Certainly there is," said he.—"And who and what is he, and what are his

terms of teaching?"—"It is," he said, "Socrates, Euenus a Parian, and his terms are five minæ." And I thought to myself what a highly favoured man this Euenus must be, to have this talent, and to exercise it so readily. I should have thought great things of myself if I had had this talent; but, men of Athens, I have it not.

'But perhaps some one will take me up and say, But, Socrates, what is your real case? How did these calumnies arise? If you had done nothing different from other people, there would not have been so much talk about you. Tell us what you really have done, that we may not be left to guess-work. If any one says this, he seems to me to speak reasonably; and I will try to tell you what has made for me this unfortunate reputation. Attend then to my account of myself: perhaps some of you will think I am in jest, but I assure you it is the exact truth which I tell you. I got this reputa-

tion in consequence of a certain kind of wisdom which I have. What kind of wisdom is this? It is a human wisdom: I have no wisdom but the wisdom of a man. Those whom I have just been speaking of are perhaps wiser in some wisdom more than human; I do not know how to describe it. I have it not; and he who pretends that I have, pretends falsely and calumniates me. And now, Athenians, do not take it amiss, if I seem to claim something extraordinary; for I shall not make the claim on my own authority, but shall refer to an authority which you will allow to be sufficient. I shall refer you to the deity who gives oracles at Delphi, to testify whether I have any wisdom, and of what kind it is. You know Chærephon. He has been my companion from my youth up, and is known to most of you. He was driven into exile with you, and was restored with you. You know the character of Chærephon, how earnest

he is in all that he gives his mind to. He, upon a time, ventured to go to Delphi and to propound this question to the oracle—and, O Judges, do not be offended!—he asked whether any one was wiser than I was. The Pythoness answered that no one was wiser. His brother, who is here, can testify this to you, for he himself is dead.

'And pray attend to the object which I have in saying this: I want to show you how the calumnies against me had their origin. I then, when I heard this, thought thus within myself: What does the God mean, and to what does he refer? For I am not conscious to myself of having any wisdom, great or small: what then does he mean when he says that I am the wisest of men? It cannot be false: he cannot tell a lie. For a long time I was at a loss what he could mean. At last with great hesitation I was led to this line of inquiry. I went to one of the men who is reckoned wise; thinking that in that case I should

test the Oracle, and be able to say to it, Here at least is a man wiser than I am, and yet you have said that I am the wisest of men. Examining this man then—I have no occasion to mention names—he was one of our wise statesmen—examining him, O Athenians, I came to this result. In conversing with him, it appeared to me that he was so accounted wise by many other persons, and especially by himself, but was not really wise. I then attempted to show him that he thought himself wise but was not so. And then I became odious to him and to many who were present. And then returning into myself I reasoned thus: I am wiser than this man; for it is tolerably plain that neither of us knows what is right and good; but he thinks he does know; I, as I do not know, do not think that I know. I have this small advantage over him, that what I do not know, I do not think that I do know. I then went to another of those who were reckoned

wiser than he, and arrived at the same conclusion; and so I became odious to him too and to many others.

'After this I still went on, seeing with grief and with fear that I was making myself hated, but still thinking that the answer of the deity must be attended to at any rate: and that therefore I must go on, trying to make out the meaning of the oracle, by application to all who were supposed to know anything. And by heavens, O Athenians,—for I must tell you the truth,—I seemed to come to this conclusion. Those who had the highest reputation, seemed to me, thus inquiring, to be most deficient; and others who were less thought of seemed to have more reasonable claims to some wisdom. I am obliged to tell you my wanderings in this way, like a man who had a series of tasks imposed upon him, that the oracle might be duly tested. For after the politicians, I went to the poets —the tragedians, and the dithyrambic

poets, and the rest—that I might then at least catch myself in the manifest case of being more ignorant than them. I took them the poems which they had most carefully written, and I asked them in detail what they meant, that I might then learn something from them. And I am really ashamed, O Athenians, to tell you how this turned out: but I must speak the truth. In almost every case, all the other persons who were present were better able to tell the meaning of that which *they* had composed. So I soon came to the conclusion that poets did not make their poems by any wisdom which they had, but by a sort of inspiration; like that of those who deliver oracles; for they too utter many a beautiful and wonderful thing, but know not what it means. The poets seemed to me to be in the like case. And yet I saw that in consequence of their poems, they were thought to be wiser than other men in other things, though they were not so.

So I left them, thinking that I had the same advantage over them as over the politicians.

'And at last I went to the artisans. In their department I was conscious that I knew almost nothing, and I knew that I should find that they knew many beautiful arts. And here I was not disappointed. They knew things which I did not know, and were in this way wiser than I was. But, O men of Athens! they seemed to me to have the same defect as the poets, and other artists. Because they had mastered their own art, each thought that he was also very wise in other things of the greatest moment; and this conceit of theirs spoilt their wisdom. So I asked myself whether I had rather be as I was, not possessing their knowledge and not having their ignorance, or to have both as they had. And I answered to myself and to the oracle, that it was better for me to be as I was.

'As the result of this course of inquiry,

O Athenians, I have incurred much and heavy odium, and have been the subject of many calumnies, and have got the name of being wise. For all who are present when I prove a man to be ignorant, think that I am wise in that subject. But the conclusion seems to be, O men of Athens, that the deity who gave the oracle is really wise; and that the oracle means this: that human wisdom is worth little or nothing: and that the oracle did not mean me, Socrates, in particular, but used my name as an example; as if it had said: He, O men, is most wise who, like Socrates, knows that, in truth, he has no wisdom that is of any value.

'And so I still go on, asking, as the oracle suggests, of all persons, citizens and strangers, if any one is thought to be wiser, and when I find that he is not, I add this to the proofs that the oracle is in the right. And I have been so occupied with this inquiry that I have had no time to attend to any business,

public or private, and have remained very poor, as the consequence of this kind of divine service.

"'And further, the young men who fall into my company, and those who have most leisure especially, young men of fortune, are delighted to hear these questionings of mine, and often imitate me themselves, and try to question others. And I think the result is that they find a great abundance of persons who think that they know something, but who really know little or nothing. And thereupon those who are questioned by them are irritated against me rather than them; and say that there is a certain wicked Socrates who corrupts the young men. And if any one asks them what he does and what he teaches which corrupts them, they can make no reply, as they have nothing to allege. But that they may seem to have some ground for what they say, they take up all these accusations which have been cast against all

who have meddled with philosophy,—that they search into things under the earth and above the earth, and do not believe in the gods, and make the worse appear the better reason. Of course they will not assign the true cause, that they are convicted of pretending to know when they really do not know. They are jealous of their reputation, persons of dignity, numerous; and, urging these charges perseveringly and plausibly, they have for a long time filled your ears with these vile calumnies. And now they have set upon me Meletus, and Anytus, and Lycon; Meletus, urged by the resentment of the poets, Anytus, by the artists and the politicians, and Lycon by the orators: so that as I have said, it will be wonderful if I am able in the short time which is allowed me, to remove a calumny which has been growing for so long. This is the truth, O men of Athens. I speak to you, not concealing or disguising anything, great or small; though I

know that I shall still find the hatred of these persons undiminished; a proof that I speak the truth, and that this is the source and cause of the calumny; and this you will find by examination, now or at any future time.'

(This lively picture of his character and manner, thus put in the mouth of Socrates, is probably exact, even if Socrates did not so deliver it. We can readily understand the impatience produced in the old-fashioned, quiet Athenians, by the growing spirit of speculation and the spreading habit of cross-questioning; and we can conceive the way in which they assigned grounds for their dislike of Socrates by ascribing to him opinions which they regarded as irreligious, and which he never held. The picture of a philosophical life, such as Socrates here describes his to have been, seems more likely to be written by a philosophical disciple like Plato, than to have been delivered before a court of justice:

especially considering that it goes back at least twenty-four years: to the time when the Clouds of Aristophanes was brought upon the Athenian stage. The detailed reference to that play seems to be fitted rather for a literary and philosophical than for a judicial tribunal; and seems thus to confirm the opinion that, as I have said, this Apology was rather written for posterity than addressed to the Athenian judges. We have had, in this part of the Defence, an indication that the judges who tried the case were of the democratic party, who had been exiled by the Thirty. Socrates says, 'Chærephon, who was exiled with you and returned with you.' A leaning against this democracy was a suspicion under which Socrates laboured. We now come to the more forensic portion of the Defence; which however takes very much the form of a Platonic Dialogue.

'I have thus answered, I hope sufficiently, my ancient accusers. And now

I will try to answer Meletus, public-spirited man as he calls himself, and the later accusers who are with him. And let us take this indictment, as we took the former one. It runs thus: He says, "Socrates is guilty of corrupting the youth; of not acknowledging the gods whom the State acknowledges; but of introducing new divinities." This is the accusation; and now let us examine it part by part. He says that I am guilty of corrupting the young men. I say that he is guilty of trifling with serious subjects, and of bringing grave charges against men, pretending to have an earnest regard for things for which he cares nothing. And that this is so, I will endeavour to prove to you.

'Stand up, Meletus, and tell me: Is there anything which you have so much at heart as to make our young men good men?'

MEL. 'That is what I desire.'

SOC. 'Now tell these judges, who

makes young men good. Of course you know, for it is your business. You have found out, it seems, who corrupts them and makes them worse, for that is what you accuse me of now. Now tell us, and point out to these judges, who makes them better.

'You see, Meletus, you are silent and have nothing to say. And is not this a scandal in your case, and a proof of what I say, that you have given no attention to such matters? Come: tell me: Who makes the young men become better?

MEL. 'The Laws.'

SOC. 'That is not what I ask, my excellent Sir, I ask Who? Of course he must begin by knowing the laws.'

MEL. 'These Judges, Socrates.'

SOC. 'How say you, Meletus? Do these Judges teach our young men, and can they make them become better?'

MEL. 'Certainly.'

SOC. 'But can they all, or some of them and not others?'

MEL. 'All.'

SOC. 'By Juno, this is good news. We have an abundance of persons to aid us in this task. But what further? Do these persons, the audience, make men better, or no?'

MEL. 'They also.'

SOC. 'And the Senators?'

MEL. 'The Senators too.'

SOC. 'And all the people who attend the public assemblies, the voters, do they corrupt the young men? or do all they make them better?'

MEL. 'All they.'

SOC. 'It appears then that all the Athenians make men good and virtuous, except me. I alone corrupt them. Is this what you say?'

MEL. 'That is precisely what I say.'

SOC. 'You make me out to be a peculiarly unfortunate person. But answer me. Is the same true of horses? Is it true that all men make them good, and that there is one single person who spoils them? Or is it true that only

one man or a few men, can make horses good—the horse-trainers; but that the greater part of men, if they have to use and to be with horses, spoil them? Is it not so, Meletus, with horses and with all other animals? It certainly is, whether you and Anytus assert it or deny it. It would be a very fortunate thing for our young men, if one man only made them bad, and all others make them good. But clearly, Meletus, you show that you have never paid any attention to young men. You show that you know nothing about the matters involved in your accusation of me.'

"The next argument is still more in the manner of the Platonic Dialogues. Socrates asks Meletus, whether it is not better for every one to live among good men than bad: and thence argues that he could not have willingly tried to make his Athenian neighbours bad men; and that if he did so unintentionally, he ought to be set right by

teaching him better, not by punishment. This argument would not be likely to avail much in the case of such a criminal accusation.

We then come to the charge of rejecting the established divinities.

'You assert,' Socrates is made to say to Meletus, 'that I corrupt the youth of Athens by teaching them not to believe in the gods in whom the state believes; and to believe in others, new gods. Is not this the pernicious teaching of which you accuse me?' MEL. 'I decidedly accuse you of this.' SOC. 'Now, Meletus, by the very gods of whom we are speaking, explain yourself more clearly to me and to the judges. I do not know whether you declare that I deny the gods altogether: or that I allow gods, but not the established gods, and teach men so.' MEL. 'I say that you deny the gods altogether.' SOC. 'O strange man, Meletus! How can you say this? Do not I allow the Sun and the Moon to be gods as other

men do?' MEL. 'No, Judges. He says that the sun is made of stone, and the moon of earth.' Soc. 'My dear Meletus, you are accusing Anaxagoras, not me. Do you think that these Judges are so ignorant of literature as not to know that the books of Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian philosopher, are full of tenets like these. Young men may buy these books for a drachma any day, and do you accuse me that they learn such things of me? They will laugh at me if I pretend that these doctrines are mine, especially the doctrines being so absurd as they are. But in heaven's name, do you say that I do not acknowledge any God?'

MEL. 'No, none at all.'

Soc. 'What you say is incredible, I think, Meletus, even to yourself. This man appears to me, Athenians, to be acting in the unrestrained insolence of self-conceit, and to have written this indictment in a fit of youthful impertinence. He proposed it as a sort of

puzzle or trap, with this notion: Will this wise Socrates perceive that I am making game of him and contradict myself, or shall I take him in, and the other hearers with him? For he does contradict himself in the indictment, which runs as if he had said, "Socrates is guilty of crime in not acknowledging gods, but in acknowledging gods":— which is mere foolery.

'For consider with me, Judges, whether this is not what he does say: and do you, Meletus, answer me. And do you, Athenians, as I at first requested you, abstain from interrupting me with noises, while I conduct the examination in my usual way.'

The argument is then proposed, that as he who holds that there are human things must believe that there are men, so he who holds that there are divine things must believe that there are gods. Socrates, therefore, who believes in his Divine Monitor, must believe in divinities.

Again, the Dæmons or subordinate divinities were children of the gods, as Meletus allows, their mothers being nymphs or mortal women. To believe, then, in Dæmons, and not to believe in gods, would be as absurd as to believe that mules are the offspring of horses and asses, and yet not to believe in horses.

These arguments seem fitted rather for the school of the philosopher than for the court of justice. They are represented as likely to be received with murmurs by the audience, but still as being unanswered; and Socrates closes this part of his Defence by saying that he has disproved the accusation of Meletus. 'But, he adds, as I said before, there is a large stock of hatred against me, and this it is which will be the ground of my condemnation, if I am condemned, and not Meletus and Anytus. Envy and calumny have destroyed many good men, and will destroy many more; for it is not likely that it will stop at me.'

We then come to a striking part of the Defence, in which Socrates describes the motives and feelings which compel him to go on in the course which he has entered upon.

'Perhaps, some one may say, "Are you not ashamed, Socrates, to have involved yourself in a business like this, through which at present you stand in danger of your life?" To such a person I should answer, Truly, O man, you judge not well, if you think that a man who is worth anything should calculate the danger, and the chances of living or dying;—if you think that he should consider anything but this, whether what he is doing is right or wrong, whether it is the work of a good or of a bad man. According to your calculation, the heroes who died at Troy were under a mistake. The son of Thetis despised danger in comparison of disgrace. When his mother found him bent upon avenging Patroclus and killing Hector, she, goddess as she was, said, O son, if

thou avenge thy friend and kill Hector, thou thyself wilt die; for, said she,

Forthwith thy destiny follows the ruin of Hector;

and he despised this danger, and feared still more to live unhonoured with his friend unavenged; he says,

Forthwith, then, may I die, provided that I punish him who has wronged me, and become not a laughing-stock,

Nor remain at my ships, of earth a profitless burden.

Do you think that he cared for danger and death?

'For so it is, O Athenians, in truth. Whatever is each man's post, chosen by himself as the better part, or appointed by his leader, there, as I think, he must stay in spite of danger; reckoning not of death, nor of anything except of disgrace and honour.

'For me, Athenians, it would be a shameful deed, if—when your Rulers, whom you appointed to direct me, had

assigned me my post at Potidæa and at Amphipolis, and at Delium, I stood my ground where they had placed me, like every other soldier, and faced the danger of death; but when the Deity had assigned me my post, as I think and believe, and made it my business to live a life in the pursuit of wisdom, questioning myself and others, I should then, from fear of death or any other thing, quit my appointed rank:—that would, indeed, be a shocking proceeding; and in that case any one might with reason bring me to judgment, as a man who does not believe in the gods, who disobeys their oracles, who fears death, and thinks himself wise when he is not so.

'For to fear death, O men of Athens, is to think one's self wise when one is not so. For no one knows what death is, nor whether it is not the greatest good for man: they fear it as if they knew that it is the greatest of evils. And is not this the most shameful kind of

ignorance, to think that we know this when we know it not? In this respect perhaps I differ from the rest of mankind. If I am wise in anything, it is in this, that as I know nothing of the state of departed spirits, so I do not think that I know; but that to do wrong, and to disobey good guidance, whether of God or man, is an evil and a disgrace, that I know. And so I will never fear nor shun things of which I know not but they may be good, in preference to evils of which I am sure that they are evils.

'And so now if you dismiss me—disregarding Anytus who said at the outset, that either I ought never to have been brought before you, or having been brought, not to be allowed to escape with my life; telling you that if I escape your sons will follow the teaching of Socrates and be perverted; —if you should now say: "O Socrates, we shall not now comply with the advice of Anytus; we dismiss you on

this condition, that you shall not pursue your accustomed researches nor go on seeking for wisdom; and if you are found still doing so, you shall die":—if, I say, you should dismiss me on this condition, I should reply: "O Athenians, you I love and cherish, but I must obey the God rather than you; and so long as I breathe and have my faculties, I cannot desist seeking for wisdom, and exhorting you and arguing to those of you who come in my way; and saying what I have been accustomed to say: O excellent friend, can you, being an Athenian, a citizen of the first and most famous of cities for wisdom and power, help being ashamed, while you make riches your highest aim, and reputation and distinction, and give no thought nor care to the pursuit of truth and the improvement of your soul? And if any one argues with me, and says that he does care for these things, I shall not go away nor quit my hold of him, but I shall ex-

amine him and test him: and if he does not appear to me to have acquired virtue, but only to say that he has, I shall reproach him as thinking most of the smallest things and least of the greatest. This I must do to all, young and old, who come in my way, and to stranger and citizen, but to the citizens most, as being most nearly connected with me. For this is what the God orders me to do, ye well know. And I do not think that any greater good can be given to the city than my obedience to the God. For I make it my sole business to persuade you, both young and old, not to care for riches nor anything else so earnestly as for your souls. I remind you that riches do not produce virtue, but virtue brings riches and all other goods, private and public. If to exhort men thus, be to pervert the young, this must be bad advice: but if any one says that I say anything but this, he says what is not true. And so, I should go on to say,

O men of Athens, Do as Anytus bids you or otherwise; acquit me or acquit me not, I shall go on doing this and nothing else, were I to die many times.'

((We may suppose that this resolute defiance of the numerous body who sat as his judges was received with murmurs of dissatisfaction. These he notices:))

'Do not clamour against me, men of Athens, but as I have before requested you, listen quietly to what I have to say. It will be for your own good to do so. I may say other things which may incite your murmurs, but pray restrain them.

'For be well assured that if you put me to death, me who am what I have told you, you will not do me so much harm as yourselves. Neither Meletus nor Anytus can harm me. No; a worse man cannot harm a better. He may indeed put him to death, or involve him in exile or ignominy; and perhaps he thinks these are very great

evils. I do not think so. I think it a far greater evil to do what he is now doing—to try to kill a man wrongfully. And so, Athenians, I am very far from delivering a defence of myself; I am defending you;—defending you from condemning me because I use the gift which God has given me. For if you put me to death, you will not readily find any one who will fasten himself upon the city, (to use a comparison which may seem to you odd, but which is very just,) like a rider upon a horse, powerful and of good blood, but heavy and sluggish, and needing to be roused by the spur. I seem to be appointed by the God such a rider to this city, sitting close to you, and exciting you by persuasion and reproach, all day long without ceasing. Such another, I say, you will not readily find; and if you will take my advice, you will not destroy me. Perhaps you may be like persons who are angry because one awakes them when they are sleepy,

and may shake me off, as Anytus bids you, and kill me; and then you may go on sleeping for the rest of your lives, except God, in his care for you, send you another like me.

'That I am such a person, so given by God to the city, you may gather from this: it is not like common human conduct, that I should neglect my own private business for so many years, and attend to yours, appealing to each man individually like a father or an elder brother, and exhorting him to aim at virtue. If indeed I had got anything by this, and received pay from those whom I exhorted, there might have been some reason in it: but now you see yourselves that the accusers, who have brought their other accusations with so much audacity, were not audacious enough to say or to offer to prove by witnesses, that I ever asked or received pay for what I did. I can offer you a very decisive witness the other way, namely, my poverty.

PLATO AND SOCRATES

'Perhaps it may appear absurd that I go about giving advice to particular persons and meddling with every body, and yet that I do not come forwards before your public assemblies and give my advice about matters of state. The cause of this is, that which I have often said and you have often heard, that I have a Divine Monitor of which Meletus in his indictment makes a charge in so extravagant a manner. This Monitor I have had from my boyhood—a voice which warns me, which restrains me constantly from what I am about to do, but never urges me on to do. This was what stood in the way of my undertaking public affairs. Whence you may be well assured that if I had engaged in public business I should long ago have perished, and should have done no good either to you or to myself. And be not offended with me when I tell you the truth. (No man can long be safe who, either to you or to any other democratic body, opposes himself

frankly, and resists wrong and illegal things being done by the city. It is necessary that he who really fights for what is right, if he is to be safe even for a short time, should be in a private, not in a public station.

'I will give you decisive proofs of this; not words, but that which you have more respect for, facts. Listen then to what has happened to me, that you may know that I am incapable of yielding in any point to injustice from the fear of death; and that by not yielding, I should have perished. I must tell you what will displease you, and what involves points of law, but what is true.

'For, men of Athens, I never had any other public office in the state, but I had a place in the senate. My tribe, the Antiochian tribe, had the presidency when you had to judge the ten captains who did not save the men who were overboard in the sea-fight of Arginusæ; you chose to judge them, in

one lot, against the law, as at a later period you all allowed. Then I alone of all the presidents opposed myself to your taking an illegal course, and gave my vote against it; and when the orators denounced me and were on the point of joining me with the accused, and when you clamoured in an imperious manner, I thought that I ought rather to run any danger, than for fear of bonds or death to join you in an act of injustice. And this was in the time of the democracy.

'And when the oligarchy was set up, the Thirty Tyrants sent for me, along with four others, to their council-chamber, and ordered us to fetch from Salamis Leon the Salaminian, that he might be put to death; according to a practice which they then followed, in order to involve as many persons as possible in their own guilty proceedings. On that occasion too I showed, not in words but in deed, that I cared, if I may be allowed a rough expression,

not a jot for death; but cared mightily about doing nothing unjust or wicked. For that government, strong as it was, struck me with no terror, which could make me do what was wrong. When we left the council-chamber, the other four went to Salamis and brought back Leon; I went out and went home. And probably I should have died for that act, if that government had not soon afterwards been dissolved. And of these there are many who can bear witness.

'Do you then think that I should have lived so many years, if I had entered into public life, and as became a good man, had taken the side of right on all occasions? Very far from it, O men of Athens; neither I nor any other man could have done so.

'I then, in all the course of my life, public so far as it has been public, and in private, have been the same man, never conceding anything that was wrong, neither to others, nor to those

whom in their charges against me they speak of as my disciples. In truth, however, I never was any one's teacher: but if when I was speaking and doing my own business, any one, old or young, chose to listen to what I said, I never grudged them the opportunity. I do not talk when I am paid, and hold my tongue when I am not. I offer myself to rich and poor to be questioned; or if they like it better, they answer my questions and hear what I have to say. And if any of my hearers becomes a good man, or does not, I cannot justly be charged with the result: I who never taught nor promised to teach anything to anybody. If any one says that he has heard anything from me privately which all the world might not know, be well assured that he says what is not true.

'But why is it that some are pleased to spend much time in my company? You have heard already, men of Athens. I have told you the whole

truth of the matter. Men are pleased to hear those exposed who think that they are wise, and are not so: for it is an exhibition not unamusing. And to do this, is my task imposed by the God, by oracles and dreams, and in all ways, like any destiny of any other man by which he has his appointed work.

'This, O Athenians, is true, and admits of easy proof. For if I am corrupting some of our young men, and have corrupted others, there must be some of them who are now become older, and who have known that I have given them bad counsel when they were young; and they would now come forwards as my accusers, and ask for my punishment. And if they did not choose to do this, some of their friends and relatives, their fathers and brothers, and others belonging to them, would bear in mind that their relatives had been damaged by me. Now there are many such persons present

whom I have in my eye. Here is Crito, of my own age, and of my own parish, the son of Critobulus, who is also here: Lysanias of Sphettios, the father of Æschines, who is here: Antipho of Cephisus, the father of Epigenes; and then these others, whose brothers were habitually in my company; Nicostratus the son of Zotides, the brother of Theodotus. Theodotus himself indeed is dead, and no more needs the help of his brother. And here is Paralos the son of Demodocus whose brother Theages was. Here too is Adimantus the son of Aristo, whose brother is Plato whom you see present, and Aiantodorus, whose brother is Apollodorus, who is before you: and many others, some one of whom Meletus ought to have brought before you as a witness. And if he forgot to do it before, let him bring him forwards now. I allow him to do it: let him speak, if he has such proofs. But, O Judges, you will find that, on the contrary, all these

persons are eager to defend me, who have corrupted them, who have done so much mischief to their relatives, as say Meletus and Anytus. And those who have been perverted might perhaps be expected to defend me; but the unperverted persons, the elder men, who belong to them, what reason can they have for being in my favour, but the right and just reason, that they know that Meletus says what is false and I say what is true?

'These then, O Judges, and the like of these, are the reasons which I have to urge in my defence: and this may suffice. But perhaps some of you may be angry with me, from recollecting that he himself, having a smaller danger in the way of judicial proceeding hanging over him than I have, nevertheless used supplications and prayers to the Judges with many tears, and brought forwards his children to excite compassion, and others of his friends and family; he may be angry with me

because I do not do the like, even when I am, as it seems, in extreme danger. Any one looking at this demeanour of mine might be irritated, and might thereupon give his vote against me in anger. Now if any one of you has such a feeling—I do not believe it to be so, but if it be so,—I would attempt to conciliate him; I would say: I too, my good friend, have family ties; as Homer says,

I am not born of a gnarled oak, or rock
for my parent,

but of human parentage. I have relatives; I have, O Athenians, three sons; one already a youth, two who are children. But I shall not bring them before you and beseech you to acquit me. Why will I not do this? Not from pride, O Athenians, nor from want of respect for you. Whether I can look death in the face or not, is another question: but it does not appear to me to tend to my fair fame, or to yours, or that of the city, that at my

age and with my character, whether deserved or not, I should do anything of this kind. It is a settled opinion that Socrates is a man different from other men. Many of you who were supposed to be eminent in courage and wisdom or any virtue, I have seen, when they were brought before a tribunal, behaving, in spite of their reputation, in a wonderfully base manner, as if for them to die were an unheard of calamity, and as if they would be immortal if you acquitted them. Those who thus behave appear to me to bring disgrace on the city; and strangers seeing their conduct might think that the most eminent of the Athenians, whom you place in positions of honour and power, are as weak as women. Such behaviour, O Athenians, we who are supposed to be good for anything ought not to practise, and you ought not to permit. On the contrary you ought to show that you will be much more resolved to condemn those who

get up these miserable tragedies and make the city ridiculous, than those who retain a tranquil demeanour.

'And besides the reputation of such things, it does not seem to me right to address supplications to a Judge, and to escape condemnation in that way, but to convince and persuade him. For the Judge does not sit in the seat of judgment that he may assign away right as a favour, but because it is right. And he has sworn, not that he will give judgment as a favour according to his liking, but that he will judge according to the laws. It is not fit therefore, either that we the accused should accustom you to violate your oaths or that you should allow yourselves to be so accustomed. Do not then, Athenians, require me to do towards you what I hold to be neither honourable, nor right, nor pious; especially when the accusation made against me by Meletus here is a charge of impiety. For clearly if by my supplications I should persuade

you to violate your oaths, I should be teaching you that there are no gods; and while I defend myself against the accusation, I should be passing judgment against myself, that I do not believe in the gods. Far different is the fact. I believe in the gods as none of my accusers does; and I leave it to you, and to God, to judge concerning me as may be best for me and for you.'

((Every one must feel, as in all ages it has been felt, that there is a grand tone of elevation and consistency of character in this manner of defence. But it is also plain that it could hardly fail, as he himself anticipates, to irritate a body of Judges, numerous, and of course accessible to popular sympathies, and sensitive to any appearance of want of respect in the accused person. At this period of the defence the votes of the Judges were collected on the question, whether Socrates was guilty or not guilty. He was declared guilty by 281 votes. The minority was

275, so that there was only an excess of six votes to condemn. If three of the majority had voted the other way he would have been acquitted. (With all the adverse influences which operated against him, if he had not by his line of defence voluntarily thrown away the chances of acquittal he would have been absolved.) It is asserted by Xenophon and implied by Plato that his friends would have obtained his acquittal if he had not thus thwarted their design. We have seen the motives which he assigned for thinking that death, in his circumstances, could not be shunned.

We are now to suppose that the votes are given, counted, and the result declared, Socrates is guilty. The next step was to determine the punishment. The accuser has said in his Indictment, The Penalty, Death. But the laws of Athens allowed the convicted person to propose an alternative penalty, and the court decided between the two pro-

posals. Socrates now proceeds to address his judges on this point; still retaining the unbending tone of approval of himself and admonition of his hearers which here must be felt as galling, and must again have inclined them to the severer course.

We learn from Socrates's remarks that the office of accuser in such a case as his was not without its perils. If Meletus had not obtained a fifth part of the suffrages, he would have had a heavy fine to pay.

'There are many circumstances, Judges, which contribute to prevent my feeling any strong emotion at this result, of your having declared me guilty; and especially this, that it is what I expected. I rather wonder at the numbers on one side and on the other. I had not thought the division would have been so narrow. I expected a much larger majority; for it now appears that if three of the majority had voted the other way I should have

been acquitted. I have escaped so far as Meletus is concerned; and not only escaped him, but it is evident that if Anytus and Lycon had not joined him in accusing me, he would have had to pay a thousand drachmæ as not having gained the fifth part of the votes.

'He then assigns to me the penalty of death. Good. But what penalty shall I propose instead, O men of Athens. Of course such a penalty as I deserve. What, then? What do I deserve to suffer or to pay in consideration of my having through all my life made it my object to learn, neglecting what others attend to, money-making, and the care of my household, and offices in the state and in the army, and other public employments and party engagements, thinking myself really too honest a man to escape ruin if I engaged in such; I, who never entered upon a line of conduct in which I could not have done any good to myself or to you, but took the course of doing to every one

individually the greatest good, as I say, which I could do; trying to persuade every one of you not to attend to the things which belong to him till he had attended to himself, and tried to make himself good and wise; and not to attend to the possessions of the city, rather than to the character of the city. What then do I deserve for being such a man? Surely something good, Athenians, if you are to estimate me justly, and some such good thing as is suitable to my condition. And what reward is suitable for a man who is poor, who is your benefactor, and who requires to have his leisure that he may use it in giving you good advice. There is no reward which is more fit for such a man than that he should be supported at the public expense in the Prytaneum, (where, along with the Prytanes, those are maintained who have done some distinguished honour to the city). Such a person as I have described deserves this reward much

more than he who has conquered in a chariot-race at the Olympic games. For he only makes you think yourselves fortunate, but I teach you to be happy; and he is not in need of such support, but I am. And thus, if I am to have a reward proportioned to my merit, this is what I deserve, to be supported in the Prytaneum.

'Perhaps while I am talking thus, you may think, as I said before in speaking of appeals to your pity, that I seem to show too much pride. That, Athenians, is not the case, but the fact is this. I am sure that I never injured any one, but I cannot persuade you that it is so, on account of the very short time you allow for hearing me. I am persuaded that if you had the law, which prevails in other states, that a trial on a matter of life and death should not be decided in one day, I should have convinced you; but it is not easy in so short a time to remove such inveterate calumnies. But as I am persuaded that

PLATO AND SOCRATES

I never did injustice to any one, so I will not do injustice to myself and appoint a punishment for myself. What have I to fear which should induce me to do so? The penalty assigned by Meletus, of which I say that I do not know whether it is a good or an evil? Shall I, in the place of this, choose something which I know to be an evil? Shall I select imprisonment? What would be the good of my living in a prison, always at the mercy of the administration of the time? Or fine, and imprisonment till I pay it? That would come to the same thing, for I have no money to pay with. Shall I choose exile? for perhaps you would accept that penalty. It would show an overweening love of life, Athenians, if I were so weak as to think that while you, my fellow-citizens, could not abide my ways and my conversation, but thought them so odious and intolerable that you take this way of getting rid of them, other people will bear them

easily. Very far from it, Athenians! And what a life for me to lead, going to other countries at my age, and wandering from city to city, as I was driven from each in turn! For I well know that wherever I may go, the young men will listen to my discourse. And if I send them away from me, they will induce their elders to expel me; and if I do not send them away, their fathers and their friends will send me away on their account.

'Perhaps some one may say, But, Socrates, can you not remove into another state and there hold your tongue and live quietly? That I cannot, it is the hardest thing in the world to convince you. For if I tell you that to keep silence is for me to disobey the directions of the God, and therefore impossible for me, you will think I am jesting, and will not believe me. And if I say that the greatest good for which man can live is this,—to discourse day by day concerning virtue

and the other matters about which you hear me conversing and questioning myself and others, and that a life without such inquiries is not a life that I can live,—you will believe me still less. Nevertheless, the fact is so, Judges, hard as it may be to believe.

'I am not wont to judge myself worthy of any evil. If indeed I had money, I would have proposed such a fine as I was able to pay: for I should have lost nothing by that. But as I have no money, unless indeed you choose to fine me such a small sum as I can pay,—I could, perhaps, raise a mina of silver; so I place the penalty at that.—But Plato here, O men of Athens, and Crito and Critobulus and Apollodorus advise me to place the penalty at thirty minæ, and offer to be security for it. So I propose that sum: and you will allow that the security is sufficient.'

The votes are again collected respecting the penalty, and the punishment of

death is carried by the majority. Socrates then resumes.

'In consequence of your not being willing to wait a very short time, men of Athens, you will soon have to bear the blame, from those who wish to speak reproachfully of the city, of having put to death Socrates, that wise man; for those who wish to say harsh things of you will call me a wise man, though I am not. If you had waited but a little while, this result would have come of itself; for you see my age: I am far advanced in life and near the borders of death. I say not this to all of you: I say it to those who have sentenced me to death; and to the same persons I say this. Perhaps you think, O men, that I should have failed in gaining your votes from want of power of speaking, even if I had been willing to do everything to avoid this sentence. Far from it. I have failed not for want of words, but for want of forwardness and impudence, and be-

cause I would not utter to you such things as you would most willingly hear, complaints and lamentations and other things, unworthy of me, as I say, but such as you have been accustomed to hear from others. But I did not before think that I ought, for the sake of danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman, nor do I now repent of the way in which I have made my defence: on the contrary, I much prefer dying to living on such conditions. For neither in a court of justice nor in war, am I, or any one, allowed to use every conceivable art and means to escape death. No: often in battle it is plain that a man might escape death by throwing down his arms and asking for quarter from his assailants: and many other ways there are, in other cases, of escaping death, if a person has no scruples about doing or saying anything. But the great object, O men, is not to escape death, but to escape baseness and wickedness. Wickedness runs

faster than Death, and so is more difficult to escape. I, old and slow, am overtaken by the slower of these two; but my accusers, quick and clever as they are, are overtaken by the quicker of the two, Wickedness. And now I go hence, sentenced by You to receive the penalty of death; but they go sentenced by Truth to receive the penalty of wickedness and injustice. I stand to my punishment: they must stand to theirs. All this ought to be as it is. Everything is for the best.

'And now, O you who have condemned me! I wish to deliver a prediction to you; for I am now in that position in which men's predictions are most regarded, being about to die. I predict to you, O men who have put me to death, that a punishment will soon fall upon you, and, by the heavens! a much heavier one than that which you have inflicted upon me. For you have done this deed in the hope of being freed from the call to give an account of

your lives. But the result will be very different, as I prophesy. There will be many more who will call upon you for such an account, whom I have hitherto kept back, so that you were not aware of their existence. These will be more vehement in their appeals to you than I have been, as being younger, and more indignant at your acts. For if you think that by putting persons to death you can prevent any one from reproaching you that you do not live rightly, you are quite mistaken. Such a way of getting rid of admonitions is neither possible nor creditable. There is a much better and easier way,—not to stop other people's mouths, but to mend one's self. And having uttered this prediction to you who have condemned me, I have done with you.

'With those who have voted for my acquittal, on the other hand, I would willingly hold discourse on what has occurred for a little while, while the officers who have to see to the execu-

tion of the sentence are not yet ready, and I am not yet taken to the place where I must die. Stay then here, I beseech you, for a few minutes. We may still speak of the things which we believe. I would tell to you, as to friends, what is the true import of what has now taken place. To me then, O Judges—you I may well call Judges—a wonderful thing has happened. The accustomed sign of my monitor, which hitherto has always stopped me even on the smallest occasions, if I was about to fall into any calamity; now that there has happened to me, as any one would ordinarily judge, the greatest of calamities;—the sign of my monitor never restrained me, neither when I went to the bar of the court, nor at any point of my address, though it has often restrained me when speaking on other occasions. It has in the whole of this proceeding, never opposed me either in act or in words. What then do I deem to be the

import of this? I will tell you. It means that what has taken place is a good thing for me; and that all we who think that death is an evil, do not judge rightly. Of this, I think it is a great proof: for the accustomed signal would not have failed to warn me, if I were not on my way to what is good.

'And let us consider that there is a strong reason to hope that this death is a good. For death must be one of two things. Either it must be that the dead are nothing, and have no perception of anything: or according to the common tradition it must be a change and a migration of the soul from its place here to some other place. Now if there be no sensation—if death be like a sleep without even a dream—it must be an immense gain: for I suppose that if any one were to pick out a night in which he slept so soundly as not to have a single dream, and were to compare it with the other nights and days of his life, and say how many

of his days and nights were better and sweeter than that night,—I think that any private person, and even the Great King himself, would find that the days and nights which were thus superior to that night were easily counted. If then death be this, I reckon it a gain: for the whole time which it occupies is as one night. But if death be a passage hence to another place,—if the ordinary traditions are true, that in that place are all who have ever died,—what greater good, O Judges, can there be than this? If any one going to the Place of Departed Spirits, and leaving those who are here called Judges, will find there those who are really Judges, and who administer justice there; Minos and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus and Triptolemus, and the other demigods who were just in their lifetime,—is this a change to be lamented? What would any one of you give to join the society of Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? I would die many

times, if this be true. I should rejoice beyond measure in the company of Palamedes and Ajax Telamon, and any other of the ancients who were put to death by unjust judgment. To compare what has befallen me with their lot would, I think, be very agreeable: and most of all, to spend my time in questioning and scrutinising the persons there, as I have done persons here, which of them is wise, and which seems to be so, but is not. What would any one give, O Judges, to examine those who led that great army to Troy, Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or the other thousands of men and women, whom it would be an inexpressible pleasure to converse with, and to question? For there at least men are not put to death for that. As they are happier than we are in other things, so are they in this; that they are immortal, if what be said is true.

'You then, O my Judges, should nourish good hope on the subject of death,

and remain firmly convinced of this one thing: that for a good man no event can be evil, whether he lives or dies, seeing that his concerns are never disregarded by the gods. Nor does what now happens to me happen without purpose on their part; for I am persuaded that it is better for me to die and to have done with the things of this world. And therefore it is that the sign never warned me nor turned me from my course, and that I feel no anger either towards those who have condemned me or towards my accusers. Though certainly they did not condemn me with that intention, but thinking to harm me; and for this I may justly blame them.

'One thing more only will I request of you; when my sons grow up, do your worst to them in the way of tormenting them as I have tormented you: that is, if they seem to care for money or anything else more than for virtue, and if they pretend to be anything

when they are nothing, reproach them, as I have reproached you, that they do not attend to that which alone deserves attention, and think themselves good for something when they are really good for nothing. If you do this, both I and my sons shall have had our deserts.

'And now it is time that we separate: I go to die, you remain to live: but which of us is going the better way, God only knows.'

CRITO

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Soc. 'Why are you come so soon, Crito? Is it not very early?'—Cr. 'It is.'—Soc. 'How early?'—Cr. 'Day is scarce breaking.'—Soc. 'I am surprised that the jailer allowed you to come in.'—Cr. 'He is become accustomed to my visits, Socrates; and besides, he has received benefits from me.'—Soc. 'Are you just come or have you been here long?'—Cr. 'I have been here some time.'—Soc. 'How was it that you did not wake me, but sat in silence by my side?'—Cr. 'God forbid that I should do that! I should be very sorry to be waked when in such sorrowful case. But I have been admiring you, seeing how soundly you sleep. I purposely abstained from waking you, that what time you have before you, you may pass as lightly

as may be. Often in the previous course of your life I have admired your happy temper, but never so much as now in your present calamity, to see how quietly and cheerfully you bear it.'—Soc. 'Why, Crito, it would be very unreasonable, at my age, to be vexed because one must die.'—Cr. 'Others, Socrates, at your age, fall into the same misfortunes; but their age does not prevent their being angry with their lot.'—Soc. 'That is true. But why are you come so early?'—Cr. 'I bring you, Socrates, bad news; not bad to you, as it seems, but to me and your friends bad and most distressing. As for me, I could have no heavier sorrow to bear.'—Soc. 'What is this news? Is the ship arrived from Delos, on whose arrival I must die?'—Cr. 'It is not yet arrived: but it is probable that it will arrive to-day, from what some say who have arrived from the promontory of Sunium and who saw it thence. From their account it is plain

it will be here to-day: and so, Socrates, you will have to end your life to-morrow.'

Soc. 'Well, Crito, be the event for good. If the gods so appoint, so be it. But yet I do not think that it will come to-day.'—Cr. 'What makes you think otherwise?'—Soc. 'I will tell you. I am to die the day after the ship arrives here.'—Cr. 'So they say who determine these matters.'—Soc. 'Well then: I think that this will not happen to-day, but to-morrow. I form this opinion from a dream which I had during the past night, a little while ago: and indeed it would seem you did well not to wake me.'

Cr. 'What was your dream?'—Soc. 'I thought that a woman came to me of a beautiful and graceful figure, clothed in white, and called me by name, and said, "Socrates,

"On the third day thou reachest the soil
of Phthia the fertile."'

Cr. 'A strange dream, Socrates.'—Soc. 'But the meaning of it very plain, Crito:'

—Cr. 'Too plain, as it appears. But, my good Socrates, even now be persuaded by me, and save yourself. For to me, if you die, there is an accumulation of calamities. Besides being deprived of you, a friend such as I shall never find again, I shall be thought of by many who know me and you, as having been able to save you, if I would have spent money for the purpose, and having omitted to do so. And yet what worse opinion can a man suffer than this; that he esteems his money as of more value than his friends. For the many will not believe that you would not escape from this place when we incited you to do it.'

Soc. 'But why, my good Crito, should we care so much for the opinion of the many? Reasonable people, whose opinions most deserve consideration, will suppose that things took place as they really did take place.'

Cr. 'But you see, Socrates, that it is necessary also to take account of the

opinion of the many. Your present position, if nothing else, shows that these many are able to inflict upon men no light evils, but the greatest of evils, if any one is calumniated to them.'

Soc. 'I wish, Crito, the many could inflict the greatest evils that they might also be able to confer the greatest good. That would be well. But they can do neither the one nor the other: for they cannot make a man either wise or unwise. They do whatever comes uppermost.'

Cr. 'Be it so: but tell me this, Socrates, Are you not careful for me and your other friends, that if you make your escape, we shall be attacked by informers as having been accessories to it; and shall be compelled either to lose the whole of our property, or at least large sums, and shall incur other inconveniences? For if you are afraid of anything of this kind, dismiss it from your thoughts. It is fit that we, in order to serve you, should incur

this danger, and greater than this. So be persuaded, and do as I bid you.'

Soc. 'I am careful about these matters, Crito, and many others.'

Cr. 'Have no such fears. For the sum is not great, for which certain persons will save you and convey you away from this place. And then as to the informers, do you not see how cheap they are? We should not need to spend much money on them. There is my fortune at your service, and that, I think, will suffice. And if you think that I ought not to spend all that I have, here are friends from other parts that will supply the money. Here is one who has brought a large sum here for this very purpose; Simmias, the Theban. And Cebes is ready to do the same, and many others. So, as I said, do not on such scruples, refuse to save yourself. And do not trouble yourself about what you said at the trial, that if you were elsewhere you would not know what to do with yourself. For

in many other places, wherever you go, men will love you; and if you will go to Thessaly, I have friends there, who will make much of you, and keep you safe, so that nobody there shall do you harm.

'I will say more, Socrates. It does not seem to me a right thing in you to give yourself up to destruction, when you may be saved; and to take pains to bring upon yourself all that your enemies in their wish to destroy you would try and have tried to effect. And besides: you seem to me to desert your sons, whom you might bring up and educate, and whom you go away and leave, to fare as it may happen. And they will fare no better, in all probability, than orphans generally do. Either you ought not to have children, or you ought to take some trouble in bringing them up and educating them. You seem to me to act with great weakness and recklessness; and yet you, who have professed to

make virtue your study throughout your life, are exactly the person most bound to act with vigour and thoughtfulness. And the upshot of this is, that I am ashamed both for you, and for us your friends; but the whole conduct of your concerns should seem to be transacted in a cowardly way on our part; both your coming before the judges in the court, which ought never to have taken place; and the result of the trial being what it was; and at last this present absurd conclusion to the story, which will seem to have come to pass by a want of vigour on our part, who did not save you, nor make you save yourself; which we might and ought to have done if we were good for anything. So, Socrates, you have to take care lest not only calamity but disgrace also fall upon you and upon us. Consider, then, the right course; or rather there is now no time to consider; act as if you had considered. And there is only one

right course; for in the approaching night everything must be executed. If we wait longer, escape will no longer be possible. By all means, then, Socrates, be persuaded, and do as I bid you.'

Soc. 'My dear Crito, your friendly zeal is very valuable, if it be consistent with rectitude; but if not, the more earnest it is, the more dangerous. We must then consider whether this is a thing to be done, or not. For I have always been, and am, resolved to follow no principle except reason, making out as well as I can what reason dictates. The reasons which I have always followed during my whole life I cannot deviate from now, because of what has befallen me. These reasonings do not appear to me to be altered. The same which were powerful and impressive then, are so still. Unless I can find something better to go by at present, you may be assured that I shall not be persuaded

by you, though the power of the many threaten us with more formidable bugbears than those which now menace us; chains and death and loss of goods.'

Cr. 'And how can we examine this subject most properly?'

Soc. 'We must first consider what you say about opinions; whether it was well said on former occasions that we must attend to some opinions and not to others;—or whether it was well to say this before I was condemned to die; but that now it becomes plain that this was said for the sake of saying it, and was in fact, trifling and child's play. I wish to examine this, Crito, conjointly with you, whether my judgment of it be different now that I am in this situation; or whether it be the same;—whether we are to renounce this view, or to adhere to it.

'It was, I think, often said on other occasions, by those who undertook to speak seriously, as I have now said;—

that of the opinions which men form, some are deserving of respect, and some are not. Now pray, Crito, was this well said? You, according to all human appearance, are in no danger of dying to-morrow, and therefore the impending calamity need not disturb your judgment. Use your judgment then. Does it not seem to you to be a proper saying that we are not to respect all opinions of men, but to respect some and not to respect others; and not to respect the opinions of all, but to respect those of some, and not those of others. How say you? Was not this well said?'—CR. 'It was well said.'

SOC. 'That we must respect good opinions, and not respect bad ones?'—CR. 'Yes.'

SOC. 'And good opinions are the opinions of the wise; bad opinions those of the unwise?'—CR. 'Of course.'

SOC. 'But come; how was this followed out? A man who is practising gymnastic, does he attend to the

opinion—the praise or blame—of any one, or only of a particular person, the master of gymnastic or the doctor of medicine?'—Cr. 'Of him alone.'

After the examples which we have had already of the induction of Socrates, the reader will easily anticipate the manner in which this is applied. In the case of the discipline of the body, our exercises and our diet are to be directed according to the opinion, not of the many, but of the Master alone who knows what is best. And if we transgress his directions, the punishment which falls upon us is the ruin or evil condition of the body. And if we thus ruin the body,—that part of us which is made better by health and worse by disease,—life is no longer life. And in like manner in judging of right and wrong, good and bad, honourable and dishonourable, we must direct ourselves, not by the opinion of the many, but by that of the true Judge of such matters. And if we do not follow

his direction we shall injure that part of us which is made better by doing right and worse by doing wrong: and this is the soul; that part of us which is more essential to true life than the body is, and far more valuable.

'And thus we must not consider what the many will say of us, but that one judge of right and wrong and Truth herself. And thus, Crito, you were mistaken in referring me to the opinion of the many about these points of right and good and honourable.

'But some one may say, These, the many, have it in their power to put us to death. True, my friend, but still we come back to the same point, to which we have often come before. Do we still hold to our principle that the main point is, not to live, but to live well?'—Cr. 'We hold to that.'

Soc. 'And to live well is to live rightly and honourably: does that stand?'—Cr. 'That stands.'

Soc. 'And must we not then, in

accordance with what we have said, consider whether it is right that I should depart hence, without the leave of the Athenians, or not right? And if it appear that it is right, let us attempt it, but if not, let us leave it alone. But as for the considerations about loss of money, and opinion, and the bringing up of our children, see whether these are not rather considerations for those many, who would lightly put us to death, and then as lightly, if they could, bring us to life again, with no real grounds for either: see whether for us, according to the principles of reason, the only thing to be inquired be not that which we were just now speaking of; whether we shall do what is right in giving money and incurring an obligation to those who are to take me hence, and in ourselves taking our share in the act, or whether truth we shall do wrong by joining in such act; and if it appear that we shall do wrong, we ought not to

reason about it any more, whether we are to die if we stay here and do nothing, or to suffer any other evil, rather than do wrong.'

CR. 'You appear to me to say well, Socrates. Consider then what we are to do.'

SOC. 'Let us consider the matter together, my good friend: and if you have anything to object to what I say, make your objections and I will attend to them: but if not, pray make an end, my excellent Crito, of saying the same thing over and over again to me,—that I must escape hence in spite of the Athenians. For I shall be glad if you can persuade me, but I cannot do it without that. So consider what principles we are to proceed upon, and answer my questions as you think best.'—CR. 'I will try.'

SOC. 'Do we agree that we are in no case to do wrong to any one willingly? Or may we do wrong in some ways and not in others? Or is to do wrong

to any never good and honourable, as we have often agreed upon former occasions, and as we have just been saying? Or are all those former agreements of ours within these few days vanished away? Is it true, Crito, that then, at our age, talking together with the utmost seriousness, we were after all no better than boys? Or is what we said then still indisputably true, whether the many agree to it or not? Do we still hold it true, that whether we are to suffer worse evils than we have suffered or not, still to do wrong is an evil and a disgrace to the wrong-doer.'

CR. 'We so hold.'

SOC. 'Then we are never to do wrong to any?'—CR. 'No, certainly.'

SOC. 'We are not to render wrong for wrong, as the many think: for we are never to do wrong.'—CR. 'So it seems.'

SOC. 'And how then? May we do evil to any one?'—CR. 'We may not, Socrates.'

Soc. 'To render evil for evil, is it right, as the many think, or not?'—Cr. 'By no means.'

Soc. 'For to do evil to any is the same as to do wrong.'—Cr. 'True.'

Soc. 'We must not then do wrong or do evil to any man, whatever we suffer from men. And take care, Crito, that while you confess this, you do not make a confession contrary to your real opinion. For I know that few do think this and few will think it And those who think this, and those who think differently, cannot take common counsel; each party must despise the other, looking at their sentiments. Do you then consider well whether you assent in this, and agree in my opinion; whether we may take that as a principle to start from, that to do wrong and return wrong to any one is never allowable, nor to protect one's self from wrong by doing wrong; or whether you break off from me here, and do not accept my

principle. For this was what I long ago held, and is what I still hold. But if you are of a different opinion, say so and deliver it. But if you adhere to this our old principle, listen to what follows.'—Cr. 'I adhere to it and agree with you.'

Soc. 'I go on then, or rather, I ask: Whether what one has promised to another is to be done or not to be done?'—Cr. 'It is to be done.'

Soc. 'That being agreed, look at this. If we escape from hence contrary to the will of the State, do we wrong those to whom we ought least of all to wrong, or do we not? Do we keep our just promises or not?'

Crito perceiving that Socrates is merely preparing for the further development of his argument, replies: 'I cannot answer you, Socrates, for I do not fully understand you.'

Soc. 'Consider the matter thus: If when we are on the point of running away, or whatever you call it, the

Laws, the State herself, were to meet us, and were to stop us and address us thus: "Tell me, Socrates, what do you think to do? Are you not, by the act which you are now attempting doing all you can to destroy the Laws, and the very State herself? Does not that seem to you to be no longer a State, to be already dissolved, in which sentences of law solemnly pronounced are of no force? in which such sentences are set aside and made invalid by private persons?" What shall we say, Crito, to this and the like appeals? A person of any rhetorical skill would have much to say about this abolition of the Law which commands that sentences once pronounced should be valid. Shall we say that the State has done us wrong, and that the sentence was not a righteous sentence? Shall we say this, or what?'—CR. 'Nay, we may say that.'

SOC. 'And what if the Laws say this: "O Socrates, was this the thing agreed

upon between you and us? or was it that you should stand by the legal judgments which the State should pronounce?" And if we appeared surprised, at this address of theirs, perhaps they would say, "Socrates, do not wonder at what we say, but answer our questions, since you are so fond of question and answer. What complaint have you to make against us and the State, that you endeavour to destroy us? In the first place, were not we the authors of your being? It was through us that your father married your mother and gave birth to you. Say then: do you complain of those of us Laws which refer to marriage? do you think they are bad?" I should say, I complain not. "Well: but those Laws which refer to the nurture and education of children, according to which you were brought up and educated? Did not the Laws upon that subject direct well, when they enjoined your father to have you

taught music and gymnastic?" They did well, I should say. "Good: and when you had been born, and brought up and educated, can you pretend to say that you were not our offspring, our servant, you and your forefathers? And if this be so, do you think that you stand upon an equal footing with us as to rights, and that what we attempt to do to you, you may attempt to retaliate upon us? Do you not reflect, that even towards your father you had not equal rights, nor towards your master, if you happened to have one, so that to them you might return evil for evil, or railing for railing, or blows for blows; and is then such a course of proceeding allowable towards your Country and us the Laws; so that if we try to destroy you, deeming it just to do so, you also may endeavour to the utmost of your power to destroy us in return, and say that you are doing right in doing this;—you who really make virtue your study? Does

of the city in general, we say that he has *ipso facto* promised to us that he will do whatever we command. And if a person does not submit to our orders, we say that he commits a threefold wrong; refusing obedience to us who brought him into being, who nurtured him to manhood, and to whom he promised obedience. And yet we do not deal imperiously with him, but propose to him the alternative either to do what we order, or to change our resolution; and he does neither.

"'And this is the blame that falls upon you, Socrates, if you execute what you are meditating; and upon you more especially than upon any other of the Athenians." And if I were to ask, Why? they would perhaps say, and justly, that I have made this promise more expressly than any other of the Athenians; for, they would say, "Here, Socrates, is strong evidence, that we, and the city, are approved by you.

You live in the city more constantly than any other citizen. You never went out of the city to see sights, except once to the Isthmian games, nor on any other journey except with the army. You never went on a voyage as is the custom of other men; never were seized with a desire of seeing other cities and other laws. We the Laws of our country, and our city, sufficed you. So completely were you satisfied with us, and undertook to be governed by our government. And further: you became the father of children in this city, as a further evidence that you were satisfied with it. And further, in the trial itself, you might have proposed exile as your punishment, and thus have done with the permission of the State what you are now doing against its orders. But at that time you made fine speeches, professing that you had no fear of death. You chose, as you said, death rather than exile. And have you no

shame now looking at those professions, and no care for us the Laws, that you try to destroy us? You act as the most worthless slave would act, attempting to make your escape in violation of promises and covenants by which you agreed to be governed. First then answer: do we say truly, that you engaged to be governed by us in fact, not in profession merely? Is it not true?"

'What could we say to this, Crito, except confess that it is true?'

CR. 'We must do so, Socrates.'

SOC. 'Then they would say, "Are you doing anything else than violating your covenants and promises to us—promises which you had made under no compulsion, under no deceit; and not hurried for your decision, but having seventy years to make it in, during which time you might have gone elsewhere if you were dissatisfied with us, and thought the agreement unreasonable? But you did not prefer

Lacedæmon or Crete, which you have often spoken of as well-governed states, nor any other city, Greek or barbarian. No: you left the city less than even the lame, and the blind, and the maimed leave it. So great, plainly, was your contentment, beyond that of other Athenians, in this city and in us the Laws. And now do you not stand to your promises? Stand by them, Socrates, I advise you, and do not make yourself ridiculous by running away from the city.

"'For consider, if you do this wrong act, and violate your engagements, what good you will do to yourself or your friends. It is tolerably clear that these friends of yours will have themselves to fly their country, to lose their home and their property. And you yourself, in the first place, if you go to any of the nearest cities, Thebes or Megara (for both are well governed), you will go thither as an enemy to this government, and all who care for the

good order of those cities will look upon you with suspicion, regarding you as a destroyer of the Laws. And so you will justify the sentence of your judges, and they will be deemed to have condemned you rightly. For he who unsettles the Laws may well be deemed a corrupter of young and thoughtless persons. Will you then avoid well-governed cities and men who are friends of order? and if you do this, is it worth your while to live? and if you consort with them, will you have the face, Socrates, to go on with the discourses which you have been in the habit of holding here; that Virtue and Righteousness are the most precious of things, and lawful dealings and Laws? Do you not think that the course of action of Socrates will be judged bad and disgraceful? You must think so.

'"Or will you pass by these cities and go to Thessaly to the friends of Crito? for there, there is abundance of disorder and license. There perhaps they will

be delighted to hear how cleverly you made your escape from prison, assuming some disguise; clothing yourself in an animal's skin, or practising some other trick of fugitive prisoners. And will nobody ask you how you, an old man, who have but a little of life left, came to be so greedy of life, as to violate the most sacred Laws? Nobody perhaps, unless you offend some one. But if you do, Socrates, you will hear much that you will not like to hear. You will have to live looked down upon by all, cringing to all.

'"And what will you employ yourself about? Will you make feasting your business in Thessaly, as if you had gone to Thessaly to dine? And what will become of your discourse about righteousness and temperance and all the virtues?

'"But perhaps you wish to live on account of your boys, that you may bring them up and teach them. How? Will you take them to Thessaly and bring

them up and teach them there, making them cease to be Athenians, that they may have this last benefit at your hands? Or will you avoid this, and shall they be brought up here while you live elsewhere, and will their education go on the better that you are absent? But your friends will take care of your children.—What? will they take care of them if you go to Thessaly, and will they not take care of them if you go into the other world? Certainly they will, if their proposed friendship is of any value.

"'No, Socrates, obey the voice of Us who nurtured you; and do not think that your children, or your life, or anything else, is of more value than doing right: do this, that when you come into the other world, you may make this defence of yourself to the Judges there. For if you do what is proposed, it will do you no good either here or there. Now you depart out of life, if you depart, unjustly treated, not

by Us the Laws, but by men. But if you depart having returned wrong for wrong, having broken your promises and covenants, having done evil to them whom you ought most to revere, yourself and your friends and your country and Us; We shall look with anger upon you here; and our Brothers, the Laws of the other world, will receive you with condemnation; knowing that so far as was in your power, you tried to destroy Us. Let not Crito then persuade you to do what he purposes, but rather follow our advice."

'This, my dear friend Crito, is what I seem to hear, as those who are under the inspiration of the goddess Ceres think they hear the sacred flutes. The strain of this expostulation sounds in my ears, so that I cannot hear anything else. And so, if you say anything contrary to this strain, you speak to me in vain. Still if you think you have anything more to say, say on.'

Cr. 'No, Socrates; I have no more to say.'

Soc. 'Then so be it, Crito: and let us act in the way in which the Gods thus seem to direct us.'

THE PHÆDO

OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

THE PHÆDO

THE scene is at Phlius in Argolis. Echestratus, an inhabitant of that place, thus addresses Phædo, a disciple of Socrates.

ECH. 'Pray, Phædo, were you yourself with Socrates on the day when he drank the poison in his prison, or did you hear the story from some other person?'

PH. 'I was there myself, Echestratus.'

ECH. 'And what did that great man say in his last moments, and what was the manner of his death? I would gladly hear this; for we have not now any of our Phliasians who is in the habit of going to Athens: and for a long time no Athenian has come to us who could give us any distinct account of what took place. We only know that

he drank the poison and died; but no one could tell us anything more.'

PH. 'Have you not heard then about the trial and what passed on that occasion?'

ECH. 'Yes, there was some one who told us of that; and we were surprised that the sentence was not executed till some considerable time after it was passed. What was the meaning of that, Phædo?'

PH. 'A particular incident, Echestratus. It so happened that the day before the sentence was delivered, the ship which the Athenians send on a religious mission to Delos, completed its preparation for sailing by having the garlands hung to its stern.'

ECH. 'What kind of observance is that?'

CH. 'This is the very ship, as the Athenians say, in which Theseus, in former times, went to Crete, taking thither the seven youths and seven maidens whom the Athenians were

bound to send every ninth year to be devoured by the Minotaur; on which occasion he saved his own life and rescued his companions. They had made a vow, as the story is, that if they escaped destruction, they would every year make a solemn procession to Delos; and this rite has been observed regularly every year from that time to this. And as soon as this procession begins, the rule is that the city must be kept pure from blood during the whole continuance of it; and that no one must be put to death by public execution till the vessel has been to Delos and has returned. This is sometimes a long interval when the ship is detained by contrary winds. The beginning of the sacred period is when the priest of Apollo hangs a garland on the stern of the ship. And this had happened, as I was saying, the day previous to the sentence. And thus it was that Socrates was so long a time in prison between the sentence and its execution.'

ECH. 'And what of that execution, Phædo? What was done, and what was said? and who of his friends were present? Or did the magistrates not allow him to have friends with him, and had he to meet his fate alone?'

PH. 'By no means. He had friends with him. Indeed, a considerable number of them.'

ECH. 'Pray take the trouble to tell me all about this as particularly as you can, unless you have some engagement which prevents you.'

PH. 'I am quite at leisure, and I will try to tell you the whole tale; for I have no greater pleasure than to have my mind occupied with the recollection of Socrates, either by speaking of him myself or by hearing others speak of him.'

ECH. 'Your hearers, Phædo, have the same feelings. Well: tell the story as particularly as you can.'

PH. 'I experienced peculiar emotions on that occasion. I did not feel com-

passion, as one might have expected I should on being present at the death of a dear friend. I assure you, Echestratus, he appeared to me happy, both from his behaviour and from his discourse, with so much calmness and magnanimity did he meet death. I felt persuaded that he quitted this life under divine protection; and that in another world, he must be happy if any one ever was. On this account I had no painful feeling of pity as might seem natural to a person present at such a catastrophe; nor did I feel pleasure, as on ordinary occasions when we were talking philosophy; though the discourse was of the same kind. It was a peculiar feeling which possessed me: a strange mixture of pleasure and grief, when I thought that he would soon cease to be. And we were all in this same mood; sometimes laughing; sometimes weeping; especially Apollodorus: he wept violently. You know the man and his way.'

ECH. 'Of course I do.'

PH. 'Well: he was entirely possessed by such emotions, and I myself was much troubled in spirit, as were also the others.'

ECH. 'And pray, Phædo, who were present?'

PH. 'Of our fellow-citizens there were Apollodorus, of whom I have just spoken: and Critobulus, and Crito his father; and besides, Hermogenes, and Epigenes, and Æschines, and Antisthenes. There were also Ctesippus of the district of Paianis, and Menexenus, and some other Athenians. Plato, I believe, was ill.'

ECH. 'And were any strangers present?'

PH. 'Yes; Simmias the Theban, and Cebes, and Phædondas, and from Megara Euclides and Terpsion.'

ECH. 'Tell me: Were Aristippus and Cleombrotus there?'

PH. 'No, they were not. They were said to be in Ægina.'

ECH. 'Was any other present?'

PH. 'I think I have mentioned those who were there.'

The persons here mentioned were all disciples of Socrates, of whom we have accounts from Plato himself or from other writers. It is interesting to see his solicitude to explain his own absence. We naturally find, in the company, Crito, who the day before had offered to Socrates the means of escape. The conversation is mainly held with Simmias and Cebes, the Theban disciples.

Echestratus then asks:

'Well: and what was the discourse which took place?'

PH. 'I will try to tell you all from the beginning. We had made a habit of going to Socrates daily for some time, I and others; assembling very early in the morning, in the hall in which the trial had been held, for it was near to the prison. There we waited till the doors of the prison were opened, conversing with one another; for they

were not opened very early. As soon as we were admitted, we went in to Socrates, and spent the greater part of the day with him. On this day we had met earlier than usual; for the evening before, as we went out of the prison, we had heard that the vessel was arrived from Delos; so we agreed with each other to come very early to the accustomed place. The jailer who usually admitted us, came out to us, and told us we must wait, and not enter until he directed us; "For," said he, "the Eleven—that is, the Executioners of the Law,—are taking off Socrates's chains, and announcing to him that he must die to-day." And after a little while, he came and told us to go in.

'When we entered, we found Socrates just freed from his fetters, and Xanthippe his wife—you know her—close to him, holding one of his children in her arms. As soon as she saw us, she began to wail and lament, as women are wont to do: "O Socrates, here are your

friends, come to look on you for the last time, and you on them!" And Socrates, looking at Crito, said, "Crito, let somebody take her home"; so some of Crito's servants took her away, crying aloud and beating her breast. And Socrates, sitting on the side of the bed, bent his leg and rubbed it with his hand; and in doing so, said: "How strange a thing is that, my friends, which is called pleasure; and how oddly is it connected with its supposed opposite, pain. Pleasure and pain do not come to man together, but if a person runs after the one and catches it, he almost inevitably catches the other too, as if they were fastened together at one end. I think if Æsop had noticed this, he would have composed a fable to this effect: that the gods tried to reconcile these two opposites, and not being able to do this, fastened their extremities together; so that when you take hold of one, it pulls after it the other. And so it happens to me now; there was pain

in my leg when the chain bound it, and now comes pleasure following the pain."

'Cebes upon this said, "I am glad, Socrates, that you have reminded me of what I intended to ask you; about the poems which you have versified, and the hymn to Apollo which you have written: some persons, and especially Euenus, lately, have asked me what the intention was with which you set about such employments, when you were put in this place; having never done anything of the kind before. So if you wish me to be able to answer Euenus, when he asks me the same question again—as I well know he will—tell me what I must say."

'"By all means, Cebes, tell him—what is the truth—that I did not do this in any hope of rivalling him and his poems. I know how difficult that would be. I did it, trying to spell out the meaning of some dreams which I had: I wanted to satisfy my conscience as to them; dreams which have often

occurred at previous periods of my life, in different forms, but always conveying the same injunction: 'Socrates, cultivate the Muses.' Hitherto, I had thought that this was merely an encouragement to me to go on doing what I was doing, as men cheer racers with their shouts. I thought that the dream encouraged me to go on pursuing philosophy, that being the highest province of the Muses; and that I was doing. But since the sentence was given, and the festival of the God deferred the time of my death, I thought that if the dream really meant that I was to cultivate the Muses in the popular sense, I must obey it; and so that it was safer, before my end came, to clear my conscience by making verses. So I first wrote a hymn to Apollo, whose festival was the occasion of the delay. And then, recollecting that a poet, to be really a poet, ought to write on a basis of fiction, and I myself not being a dealer in fiction, I took Æsop's fables,

the first that occurred to me, and turned them into verse.

'"This, Cebes, is what you may tell to Euenus; and give him my best wishes; and tell him, that if he is wise, he will follow me. For it seems I must depart to-day. So the Athenians command."

'On this Simmias exclaimed; "Is not that a strange message, Socrates, which you send to Euenus? I have often met the man; and from the judgment which I formed of him, he is not at all likely to take your advice willingly."

'"But how so?" said he, "Is not Euenus a philosopher?"

'"I conceive that he is," said Simmias.

'"Then," said he, "Euenus, and any one else who is truly a philosopher, will be ready to do what I say. Yet not that he should do violence to himself: that, they say, is not lawful."

'And saying this, he set down his legs from the bed, and placed his feet on the ground, and so sat during the rest of the discourse.

'Then Cebes asked him, "How is this that you say, Socrates: that it is not lawful to do violence to one's self; and yet that a philosopher should be willing to follow him who goes the road of death?"

'"What," said Socrates, "have you not heard such opinions, you and Cebes, who have kept company with Philolaus?"

'"Not anything clearly delivered, Socrates."

'"Why, indeed, I myself only speak of such doctrines from hearsay. But what I have heard, I am quite willing to tell you. And, indeed, perhaps there can be no better employment for a person who is about to depart hence, than to consider and speculate about this departure, what it really amounts to. What better can we do, in the interval between this time and sunset?"

'"On what grounds, then, Socrates, do men say that it is not lawful for any one to kill himself? For it is true, as you asked just now, that I have heard it said by Philolaus, when he was living

with us, and by others, that it is not lawful to do so. But I never heard any clear reason given."

'"Do not lose heart," said he, "perhaps you may yet hear a reason. But perhaps you think it strange that in this case alone, the rule is not universal; that we say that it is for some persons better to die, and for some better to live; and you may wonder that those for whom it is better to die are not allowed to do themselves this good office, but must wait till it comes from some other hand."

'On this Cebes, quietly smiling, said, "God he knows," in his Theban way.

'"In truth," said Socrates, "it may appear strange; and yet perhaps there is some reason in it. I will not rely upon what is said when men are initiated in the Orphic Mysteries; that we are like sentinels on a post, and that a man must not, unauthorised, desert or give up his post. This is a deep and obscure saying. But this, Cebes, appears to me

to be well said: that the Gods are our masters and men their servants. Do you not think it is so?" "Certainly," said Cebes. "And if any one of your servants, your property, should kill himself without any authority from you, would you not be angry with him, and punish him if you could punish him?" "Certainly," said he.

'"Well, perhaps there is the like reason why no man should put himself to death, till God imposes some necessity of dying, as he now does upon me."

'"That," said Cebes, "does not appear unlikely. But what you said just now, that philosophers would be the most willing to die, seems strange, if what we have been now saying is true, that God takes care of men, and that we are his servants and property; for it is very reasonable that the wisest men should be sorry to go out of this providential custody, in which the Gods, the best guardians, take care of them. No such one can think that he can take

better care of himself, when he is left alone without such guardianship. A foolish man might perhaps think that it was a good thing to escape from a master. It might not occur to him that it is wise to stay with a good master, and most unwise to run away from him. A sensible man would desire by all means to be under the guardianship of one wiser than himself. And thus you see, Socrates, that the result would be the opposite of what you were saying. The wise would be sorry to die, the foolish would be glad."

'At hearing this, Socrates appeared to me to be pleased with the acuteness of Cebes, and looking at us, he said: "Cebes always finds something original to say, and is not easily led to follow other people."

'And Simmias hereupon replied: "But really, Socrates, I too think there is a great deal in what Cebes says. For on what grounds should wise men run away from masters really wiser than

themselves, or be glad to leave them? And Cebes seems to me to point at you; that you are so ready to leave both us your friends, and the Gods, who are, as you confess, good masters."

'"You speak very reasonably," said he: "I suppose you wish that I should make my defence against your accusations here, as I made my defence in the Court." "Exactly so," said Simmias.

'"Well," said he, "I will try to plead more persuasively to you than I did to my judges."

'"If, O Simmias and Cebes, I did not expect that I should go to the realms of wise and good Gods, and to the company of men better than those who are here, I should be wrong not to grieve at death. But be well assured, that I do expect this;—that I shall be among good men, though this I do not feel so confident about: but that I shall go to Gods who are good governors,—be assured that if there be anything of this kind about which I am confident, I am

confident of this. And hence it is, that I do not feel sorrow, but am full of hope, that those who have left this life are still in being, and the good in a better condition than the bad."

'"But, Socrates," said Simmias, "do you intend to leave life with this conviction in your own mind only, or will you also impart it to us? For it would be a valuable possession to us, as well as to you. And if you convey to us this conviction, you have made a successful defence."

'"Well, I will try," said he. "But first let us hear what it is that Crito has long been wishing to say; for I see there is something."

'"It is only," said Crito, "that the person who is to give you the poison has been saying to me more than once, that you ought to speak and converse as little as possible. He says that in conversing, people grow warm, and that this interferes with the effect of the poison: so that in such cases, he has to give

them two or even three successive doses."

'"Let him take his course," said he; "let him prepare his potion as if he had to administer it twice, or even thrice."

'"I knew," said Crito, "what you would say: but he has been importuning me for some time." "Leave him alone," said he.

'"But now to you, my Judges, I wish to render my reasons, why a man who has really employed his life about philosophy, may be of good cheer when he is at the point of death, and may be of good hope that after death he will be happy. And my reasons, O Simmias and Cebes, are these. It is not generally recollected, as it ought to be, that those who really apply themselves to philosophy, are really studying only how to die, and how to be ready for the state after death. But if this is really so, it is a most absurd proceeding that men who have been all their lives studying this thing, when the thing comes

which they looked for and studied for, should be startled and grieved."

'On this Simmias, with a laugh, said, "In truth, Socrates, you have made me laugh when I had little disposition to laugh. I think that the greater part of persons would agree in your result: and especially my countrymen the Thebans. With their dislike to philosophers, they would say that the philosophers are right in seeking death, and have made the discovery that they are worthy to die."

'"And they would say truly, Simmias, except that they have not discovered, either in what way true philosophers seek death, or in what way they are worthy to die, or by what kind of death. But let us leave these persons to themselves, and discuss this matter without reference to them."

'"Now death is something, is it not?" "Certainly," replied Cebes.

'"Is it anything else than the separation of the soul from the body? Is not

this death: that the body is separated from the soul, and is left to itself; and that the soul is freed from the body and is separate and by itself? Is death anything but this?" "No, it is this," said he.

'"Now do you further agree with me in this?—I think it will help us in our inquiry.—Do you think that a philosopher ought to care greatly for what are called pleasures, the pleasure, for instance, of eating and drinking, and the other pleasures of the body?"—"By no means," said Simmias.

'"Or will he care for luxuries, dress and ornaments, except so far as necessity requires? Will he not rather despise them?" "The true philosopher," said Simmias, "will, I conceive, despise them."'

A person who makes such concessions as Simmias here makes, and agrees so fully in the doctrines laid down by his teacher, even when they are such as most persons would deem overstrained and extravagant, plays a very subordinate part in the Dialogue: and when

this is the case, the meaning comes out more simply and clearly, according to our notions, when delivered directly without interruption. The reader must suppose Simmias to give his assent at due intervals, while Socrates proceeds to this effect:

'The true philosopher does not care for the things of the body: as far as he can he abstracts his attention from it, and turns to his soul. He, more than other men, removes the soul from the influence of the body. This he does, although the greater part of men value nothing but the pleasures of the body, and think life not worth having without them. And reasonably; for in the acquirement of knowledge, the body is a hinderance rather than a help. The sight and the hearing cannot discover to us truth: as the poets are wont to tell us, "The world of eye and ear delusions all." And if these senses are not to be trusted, still less are others. When, then, does the soul apprehend

truth, since the body cannot serve it in such a task? Is it not by reasoning, if at all, that real truth is made manifest? And does not the mind reason best, when it is not drawn aside by the ear or the eye, by pleasure or pain; when it acts for itself and, abstracted from bodily agencies, aims at absolute Truth? Then it is, that the mind of the philosopher feels itself superior to and independent of the body.'

This strain of speculation has a natural charm and persuasiveness for thoughtful persons, familiar with examples of abstract truths, such as the truths of Geometry. The kind of truth next referred to, Moral Truth, perhaps has not the same distinctness; but Plato always assumes that it has, or ought to have, the same reality. Socrates goes on:

'Is there such a thing as Rightness or Justice? Is there such a thing as Honour or Goodness? Yet who has ever seen these things with his

eyes, or apprehended them by any other bodily sense? And the same may be said of innumerable other things. Magnitude, Strength, Health, and all abstract things. Do we see their true nature by means of our bodily senses? No: we must conceive these things in their abstract form, as the true way of understanding them.

'He who, by the aid of thought alone, freed from the disturbing influences of eyes and ears, and the like, can get hold of these conceptions, he obtains real Truth. And thus, true philosophers will be led to say to one another: We must pursue our inquiries and follow our Reason along a bye path, different from the highway which mankind in general travel. So long as we are entangled and oppressed by the body, we shall never arrive at the point which we aim at; namely, at Truth. The body is a constant impediment to us. The necessity of providing for its wants, and the diseases which fall upon

it, are constant interruptions. It fills us with desires, cravings, fears, delusions, follies, so that we cannot think calmly for a moment. The body and its desires are the causes of quarrels, fightings, wars: for we quarrel and fight for the possession of external things; and these things are required by the needs and cravings of the body; and thus, we have no time nor temper for philosophy. And what is worst of all, when it appears to have left us at peace for a while, and we have begun our inquiries, in the middle of them it interrupts us again, and troubles our thoughts and confuses our vision, so that we cannot see the truth. If we are ever to know anything aright, we must get rid of this obstacle, and look at things with the soul. When we come to do that, we shall attain what we seek, Knowledge of the Truth; that is, as it appears from this reasoning, not during our life, but after our death.

'Since it is not possible to know any-

thing rightly while we are in the body, one of two things must be true;—either we shall never know anything, or we shall have true knowledge after our death: for then, and not till then, will the soul act independently of the body. And during life, we shall then come nearest to true knowledge, if we have as little as possible to do with the body, which is not absolutely necessary:—if we do not allow its nature to dominate over us, but keep ourselves from its taint, till God himself shall liberate us from it. And then, purified from its absurdities, we shall be in the company, as I trust, of others who are in the same condition, and shall know the pure essence of things; that is, as I judge, the Truth. But those who are not themselves pure cannot attain to what is pure.

'This is the kind of language, as I imagine, which true philosophers must hold to one another. Do you not think so?'

Simmias of course assents to this, as

to the previous interrogations of Socrates. The sage goes on to say:

'"And if this be true, my friend, may I not have good hope that when I have performed the journey on which I am now setting out, I shall, if ever, obtain that object to which my efforts have been directed during the whole of my past life? The journey now appointed for me is full of hope, since it promises the purification of the soul;—that purification which consists in its separation from the corruption of the body, its liberation from the bonds of the body. This separation, this liberation, is what men call Death. And this liberation those most desire who are true philosophers. This separation and liberation are the peculiar aim and study of philosophers. And is it not then, as I said at first, ridiculous, that a man who has exercised himself all his life to live as if he were dead, should be grieved when death itself comes? And thus the true philosopher studies how

to die, and death is to him least of all men formidable. If he labours under the load of the body, and seeks to have his soul liberated from it, would it not be very absurd that he should not willingly go thither where he will attain that for which he has been longing? And again: consider the matter thus. Many on the death of dear friends, wives, lovers, children, have been willing to encounter Death, and to descend to Hades, drawn by the hope of seeing there those they loved, and of being in their company. And shall a man who really loves knowledge, and who is firmly persuaded that he shall never truly attain to it except in Hades, be angry and sorry to have to die, and not go willingly to that region where alone he can find what he wants? Is not such a fear of Death the greatest of absurdities?

'"And therefore when you see a man grieved and alarmed at having to die, is not this clear evidence that he is

not really a philosopher but a philosomatist? not a lover of wisdom, but a lover of bodily enjoyments; a lover of money; a lover of honours; or some of these, or all?

'"And then let us consider that the man who thus disregards the desires and interests of the body, and lives for philosophy, is the man who really has what are held to be Virtues. Courage is especially his: so too is Temperance, that is, moderation and calmness in the desires. The Courage and the Temperance of other men are really self-contradictory qualities. They think Death to be among the greatest of evils, and yet they meet it, those who are deemed courageous, from the fear of a greater evil. All but philosophers are courageous through fear and brave through cowardice. So of men who attend merely to Decency: they are temperate through intemperance. They abstain from some pleasures for the love of other pleasures. They call it Intemper-

ance to be the slaves of pleasure; but it is by serving some pleasures that they conquer other pleasures: and so, as I have said, they are temperate from intemperance. But this kind of barter, my excellent Simmias, is not the true trade of Virtue;—this exchange of pleasures for pleasures, and of pains for pains, and of fears for fears, great against small, as when you take small change for a large coin. The only genuine wealth, for which we ought to give away all other, is true Knowledge. All must really be bought and sold with this: Courage and Temperance and Justice. Virtue resides with true Knowledge, whether Pleasures and Fears and the like are present, or are absent. When they are separated from knowledge, and merely exchanged against one another, they make a Virtue which is a mere mockery, a sordid game: which has in it nothing sound or true. Real Virtue is a purification of such passions; and Temper-

ance, and Justice, and Courage, and Knowledge itself, are only results of the purity of the Soul.

'"Those who instituted the Mysteries did not frame their doctrines without meaning, when they taught that he who descends to Hades uninitiated in the Mysteries,—unpurified according to their rites,—shall be plunged in mire; but those who have been initiated and purified shall live with the gods. But as the mystic saying runs, 'Many begin the rites, but few are fully purified': those who are so, are in my opinion, those who have truly pursued philosophy. This I have, through my life, honestly and earnestly tried to do. Whether I tried in the right way, and with what success, I shall know certainly when I arrive *there*, if it please God, and as it seems, before long.

'"This then, Simmias and Cebes, is my defence. This is the reason why, now that I have to leave you and the Divine

Rulers of this world, I am not troubled or angry; trusting that I shall have, there as here, good rulers and good friends. The many will not assent to these views: but if my defence to you has been more successful than that which I addressed to the Athenians, it is well."

'When Socrates had said this, Cebes replied:

'"O Socrates, the rest of what you have said appears to me to be well said, but to what you say about the Soul, the many will not readily assent. They apprehend that when the Soul is parted from the body, it may be nowhere: that on the very day in which the man dies, the soul may be destroyed and extinguished; that it goes forth and is dissipated, like a breath or a smoke, and ceases to be. No doubt, if it continue to exist, and be gathered to itself, and freed from the evils which you have described, there might be a good hope of the happy result, which you,

O Socrates, look to. But a good deal of encouragement, and a great deal of faith is required, to make men believe, that when the man is dead, the soul exists and retains thought and power."

"You say truly, O Cebes," said Socrates. "Well then; what shall we do? Should you wish that we should examine the speculations on this subject; and consider whether it is likely that things are so, or not?"

"For my part," said Cebes, "I would gladly hear what opinions you hold on this subject."

"In truth," said Socrates, "I do not think that any one, however censoriously disposed, could say that in now discussing such matters, I am dealing with what does not concern me. If you please then, let us examine the question. Let us consider the current notion, whether the souls of the dead are or are not in a place called Hades. For this is a very ancient opinion, that souls go from hence thither, and again return

hither from thence. And if it be so—if the living are derived from the dead—it must be that our souls are there after death. For if they were not somewhere, they could not come into life again. And if it can be made clear that the living are derived from the dead, this will be a proof that our souls exist after death. If we cannot show this, we must seek some other proof."

Socrates then enters upon a series of proofs of the immortality of the Soul. It must be touching to every thoughtful person, to see the human mind, then when its powers of self-contemplation and reasoning were first fully unfolded, as was the case in the Platonic school, exerting itself to prove that powers and faculties so wonderful and exquisite could never be extinguished. Something more than mere reasoning was needed to give to men the assurance of an eternal life. But the highest efforts of human reason on this subject have always been looked at

with great interest; even though some of the arguments may to us be far from convincing. By presenting these arguments in an abridged and continuous form, instead of the prolix dialogue in which Plato gives them, we shall be better able to estimate their force.

The first argument is the one which has just been announced:—That life grows out of death as death grows out of life, because opposites everywhere grow out of opposites and imply their existence. Right implies its opposite Wrong; Fair implies its opposite Foul. Things grow greater from having been smaller; smaller from having been greater, weaker from stronger; quicker from slower; worse from better; more righteous from more unrighteous. And the act of transition is an intermediate process: Greater and Less are exchanged by Increase and Diminution. Things are conjoined and separated, warmed and cooled. And as 'to sleep' is the opposite of 'to wake'; so 'to live'

has an opposite. What is that? Plainly, 'to die.' And as 'to fall asleep' has again its opposite 'to awake'; so 'to die' has also its opposite 'to live again.' And thus living things and living men spring from dead things and dead men. As we allow that opposites imply their opposites in other cases, we must not leave nature lame in this one quarter. As the dead are derived from the living, so are the living derived from the dead. And thus, as we said, the souls of the dead exist in some intermediate place, whence they can return to life.

Cebes assents to this reasoning; and Socrates proceeds to confirm it further, by putting the matter the other way. He says: 'If things did not thus go round in cycles, from opposite to opposite;—if they went right onwards in a straight course, proceeding from one condition to the opposite, but never coming back to the first, or bending round in their course, all things would

tend to a final condition, in which the end would be attained and change would cease. If there were such a thing as falling asleep, but no such thing as waking, the end would be that everybody would be asleep. Endymion, the celebrated sleeper, would be undistinguished. We should all surpass him in sleeping. The doctrine of Anaxagoras, that all the elements were mixed together, and that Mind separated them, would cease to hold: all the elements would, in the end, run into their original confusion. And so, if living things died, and the dead never returned to life, everything would end in death, and nothing would be left alive. And thus our reasoning holds good. We do not delude ourselves. There is a return from death to life; and the souls of men exist after death; those which are good in a better condition, those which are bad, in a worse.'

Probably this line of argument, depending, as it does, on special specula-

tions of the Greek philosophers, and in some measure, on peculiar features of the Greek language, will not obtain general assent at the present time. I will pass on to other arguments. The next is one, involving a doctrine on which Plato often dwells with complacency. Cebes suggests it as a confirmation of the preceding argument. He says:

'And this too follows, Socrates, from that doctrine which you have often insisted on: that our acquired knowledge is merely recollected knowledge; and that therefore, on that account, we must in some previous state, have acquired what we recover the recollection of in this. And this would be impossible, if our souls had not been somewhere before they were in this human form. And thus, in this way too, we have evidence that the Soul is of an immortal nature.'

This proof that all acquisition of knowledge implies a previous possession of knowledge had been presented

in detail, in a very dramatic form, in the Meno, where a boy is made, by a series of interrogations, to prove geometrical theorems. The proof was evidently regarded by the School of Plato as weighty and striking, and also as novel. Hence Simmias does not at once recollect the nature of this proof, when Cebes refers to it. He says, interrupting:

'What proof is it that you speak of, Cebes? Put me in mind of it. I do not immediately recollect it.'

'I will give you one instance,' said Cebes, 'and that a very good one. When men are asked questions in a suitable way, they discover the truth, and bring it out. Now if they had not some knowledge already existing in their minds, they could not do this. By presenting to them geometrical diagrams, and the like, you may prove very clearly that the fact is so.'

This was precisely what had been done in the course of the Meno.

'And if you are not satisfied by what he is saying,' interposed Socrates, 'consider whether this does not satisfy you. You are not yet convinced that all learning is only recollecting?'

'It is not that I resist conviction,' said Simmias, 'but I must have time to do this very thing that we are talking about;—to recollect. And, in fact, since Cebes began to speak of it, I do recollect and am convinced. But, nevertheless, I should be glad if you would go on with what you were beginning to say.'

'What I was beginning to say,' proceeded Socrates, 'is this. We are agreed, I think, that when a person recollects anything, he must have known it before. But there is also a particular way in which knowledge comes to us, in which you will probably allow that it implies recollection; and this way I will explain.'

He then goes on to deliver an argument very much like that given in the Theætetus, in which it is shown that

our Ideas are not all derived from the Senses.

'When a person sees or hears anything, and thereupon has brought into his mind not only that thing, but some other, implying another knowledge, it is that he recollects this other thing. Thus a person seeing a lyre or a cloak recollects his friend to whom it belongs: a person seeing Simmias thinks of Cebes: or further; a person seeing a picture of a horse or lyre thinks of the man to whom it belongs; a person seeing a portrait of Simmias, thinks of Cebes. And sometimes we thus recollect things from their likeness, sometimes from their unlikeness. But when we recollect things from their likeness, this also happens: we see what is defective in the likeness; what is requisite in order to render the likeness complete.—Consider further: we speak of things as being equal or unequal. We not only see one stick equal to another stick, and one stone to another stone; but be-

sides this, we think of a real equality. We know what it is.—Now where do we acquire this knowledge? Not from the sticks and stones which we see, for they are not really equal. It is something different from them. For two sticks, or two stones appear, sometimes equal, and sometimes unequal; but real equality is never inequality. And thus, equality is not the same as equal things. But yet from seeing equal things we think of equality. And thus, as we think of this other thing, which we do not see, there must be recollection.—Now these equal things which we see, sticks and the like, are not exactly equal. They lack something of perfect equality. They try to be equal but are not equal. Now when we regard things as thus trying to be something which they are not, we must have a previous knowledge of that thing which they try to be and fail of being. And therefore we must have a knowledge of equality, before that time when we first saw

things and perceived that they aimed at equality and missed it.—Now in this life we could acquire this knowledge only by seeing or touching, or some other sense. But all the objects of sense are defective in the point in question, and only aim at it. And hence, before we began to see and hear and use the rest of our senses, we must have obtained somewhere the knowledge of that real equality, to which we refer all things, so as to see that they tend to equality but do not attain it.

'Now we began to see and hear and the like, immediately at our birth. And therefore we must have received the knowledge of equality at some previous period. And not the knowledge of equality alone: for we judge also of greater, of less, and the like. And not of these only, but of what is right, and good, and just, and excellent, and pure; and, as I say, of all those things which we call realities, in our questions and in our answers when we conduct our

discussions. We must therefore have received knowledge of all these things before we were born. And if, having thus received them, we had not forgotten them, we should know them from our birth, and through our lives; for to know is only to have knowledge and not to have lost it. To forget is to lose the knowledge which we had.

'But if, having had this knowledge before we were born, we lost it at our birth; and then, when we came to use our senses, recovered the portions of knowledge which we had before, it is plain that what we call "to learn," is, to recover our own previous knowledge: and this is properly to recollect. And thus, one of two things must be true; either we had this knowledge from our birth, and have it through our lives, or we recover the knowledge when we say we learn it, and thus to learn is to recollect.'

Simmias assents: but Socrates further demands which side of the alternative he takes. Have we our knowledge

from our birth, or do we acquire it afterwards? Simmias declares that for the present he cannot tell. 'But,' says Socrates, 'if men have this knowledge from their birth, they will be able to give an account of such knowledge. Now can they do this?' 'Alas!' says Simmias, 'I wish it were so. But I fear that by to-morrow there will be no man to be found who can do this.' He feared that all such insight would depart with the departure of Socrates out of life.

'Then,' says Socrates, 'men have not such knowledge from their birth; they must then acquire it by recollecting what they knew before. And when did they know it? Not since they were men. Therefore at some previous time. Therefore our souls existed in some previous condition, before they existed in a human form; existed without bodies, and with knowledge.'

Simmias makes a momentary suggestion.—'Except,' he says, 'we receive this knowledge at our birth, not before.

That supposition is still left us.'—'Good, my friend,' says Socrates. 'But in that case when did we lose this knowledge? Did we lose it in the very moment when we received it? or can you mention any other time when that might happen?'—'No,' says Simmias; 'I perceive I was talking nonsense.'

'Then,' Socrates now sums up the argument, 'thus stands the matter. If there be such realities as we constantly talk of;—Rightness, Goodness, and the rest, and if we constantly refer the objects of our senses to these realities, which we find in ourselves, as to their standard, then our souls must have existed before we were born. If it is not so, our argument fails. But if those Ideas really exist, our souls must have existed no less really, before we were born.'

Simmias expresses his assent to the conclusion and his satisfaction at the doctrine. He says, 'The necessary connection appears to me quite evident.

The soul must be as real as those realities. And I know nothing which appears to me more evident than such realities; Rightness and Goodness and the like. I am satisfied with the demonstration.'

Though this argument no longer finds general acceptance in the exact form here followed, yet the considerations which are thus presented to the disciples of Socrates have still no small influence on the convictions of thoughtful men. The pre-existence of souls, indeed, is a doctrine now hardly contended for by any; and any argument which depends on this doctrine would in general be rejected. But the existence of Innate Ideas, of Ideas not derived from the senses but from some other source, has many adherents in modern times; and those who hold this doctrine hold also that the soul is thereby shown to be so far independent of the body, that it may be expected to survive the body. And of those who

do not allow any Ideas to be properly innate, many still allow that we have Connate Faculties, Faculties born with us, by which Ideas are formed such as could not be derived from the senses alone; and persons, too, find in this doctrine a ground for believing that the soul is independent of the body, and will survive the body. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, when regarded as a part of natural religion, is still deeply concerned in the discussions which Plato here presents to us.

When Simmias has thus expressed himself satisfied with the demonstration which Socrates has delivered of the immortality of the soul, we have a little Dialogue which relieves the argument, and fixes our attention on the further explanation which the dying sage gives of his belief and his hope.

Simmias is satisfied: 'But how is it with Cebes?' Socrates asks. 'We must convince Cebes too.' Simmias at first answers for his companion. 'He too is

pretty well satisfied, I believe: though he is the hardest of mortals to convince of anything.' He then goes on to limit somewhat the assent which he had given to the argument of Socrates, by acknowledging that he shares in the doubts which he ascribes to his friend. He says: 'I think he is fully persuaded of this: that before we were born our souls existed. But whether after we are dead the soul still subsists, he has doubts, and indeed so have I. That notion still sticks in our heads which the common people entertain: that when the man dies, the soul evaporates, and there's an end of it. For what reason is there why it should not be constructed and composed in some way or other, and exist, before it enters into a human body, and yet, when it is liberated from that vehicle and goes away, should come to an end and perish entirely.' Cebes assents to this. 'You say well, Simmias. Only half the proposition has been proved; namely, that

our soul existed before we were born. It must be proved also that when we are dead, the soul will exist as much as it did before birth, if the proof is to be completed.'

Socrates meets this doubt very calmly. 'The proof has been given, my friends, if you will put together this proof, and the doctrine which we agreed to before we came to this; namely, that every living thing comes from a dead thing. For if the soul exist before our birth, and if when it passes into life it cannot come from any other quarter than from death and the state of the dead, it is inevitable that it must exist after we are dead, since it is again to come into life. And so I have already given you the proof which you ask for.

'But you and Simmias seem as if you would willingly have the proof a little further explained. You seem to be frightened, as children are, that when the soul passes out of the body, the wind may blow it quite away and dis-

perse it entirely, especially if there be strong breezes stirring when the man dies.'

'At this Cebes laughed, and said: "Well, Socrates, suppose that we are frightened; and do you encourage and comfort us. Or rather, suppose, not that we are frightened, but that there is a child within us who is so. Let us try to persuade him not to fear death, as a kind of bugbear or hobgoblin."

'"Yes," said Socrates: "and to do this, we must use some charm, that we can sing over him day by day, till the incantation has quite dispelled his fears."

'"But alas, Socrates, where shall we find any one who is master of such a spell; since you, the most likely to impart it to us, are on the point of leaving us?"'

Socrates replies: 'Greece is a wide place, Cebes; and there are in it many good men. And there are, besides, many races of barbarians, all of whom are to be explored in search of some

one who can perform such a charm as we have spoken of: and we must spare no pains nor expense in the search, for on what better object could we expend money or labour. And you must too search among yourselves for this gift: for perhaps you will not easily find any one who has this power more than you have.'

This injunction, to seek some teacher who can raise men above the fear of death, not only among the Greeks, but among other nations also, cannot but strike us, who know that such teachers have proceeded from a nation of whom probably Plato never heard. The Hebrew disciples of a far greater teacher, referred to other proofs than such as Socrates here expounds. Yet some of them, as Paul of Tarsus, did not disdain to illustrate the subject by references to speculations of the Greeks; and in addressing the Athenians four hundred years after Plato, referred to convictions of natural religion, such as So-

crates and his disciples had cherished. Socrates goes on to give some further account of the grounds of these convictions.

'This the future will determine,' said Cebes. 'But let us return to the point from which our digression began, if it be agreeable to you.'

'To me it is most agreeable. How should it be otherwise?'

'That is well,' said Cebes.

Socrates then begins to expound an argument which has still a strong effect upon our convictions, though it is commonly put in a form somewhat different from that in which it is here given by Socrates. The argument, as we are accustomed to it, is this. Compound things are the things most obviously subject to perish; for they perish by being resolved into their parts;—they suffer dissolution. Thus our bodies, when the soul has left them, perish and are dissolved, because they are compound. But is our soul compound?

If not, it cannot thus perish. It has no component parts of which it is made up, and into which it can be dissolved. Now that the soul is simple, we have evidence in thought and consciousness: for thought and consciousness are the acts of a simple principle which thinks and is conscious. Hence the soul cannot perish, as the body does, by being dissolved into parts. It is simple, and therefore indestructible and immortal.

This is the way we, in modern times, often see the argument presented.

The latter part of this argument, which proves the simple and indestructible nature of the soul from its acts of thought and consciousness, is somewhat different from Plato's argument here; for he proves the immortal nature of the soul from its being concerned with unalterable and eternal Ideas. But the evidence that the soul's operations do not result from the combination of parts, is resumed in a later

argument of Socrates, where he discusses the doctrine of the soul being a harmony of parts. For the present, we will briefly expound his argument from the composite nature of the body: to which, as usual, his hearers assent from point to point.

'We must ask first, what kind of things are most liable to this lot, the being dispersed; for what things we may most apprehend such a result, and for what, not; and we must then consider to which class the soul belongs, and pitch our hopes or fears accordingly.

'Now it is things compounded of parts —composite things—that are liable to separation into the parts of which they are compounded. If there be anything which is uncompounded—incomposite,—that, if anything, must be exempt from such a lot. Now those things which are always the same and in the same state, are most likely to be the uncompounded things: and those which are constantly changing and

never constant to the same state, are likely to be the compounded things.

'Now the Ideas which we spoke of a little while ago; the realities to which we refer in our discussions, absolute Equality, absolute Goodness, absolute Beauty, and the like; these are always the same: they admit of no change: they are simple and uniform and do not suffer the smallest alteration.

'Whereas *things* of any kind, beautiful things, for instance, beautiful men, beautiful horses, beautiful garments, and the like; are they always the same, or do they not constantly differ in their state,—never remain the same? These you may touch or see or apprehend by other senses; but the constant and permanent essences of them you can only apprehend by an act of thought. They cannot be seen by the eyes.

'Now let us take two classes of existences; the visible and the invisible;—the invisible always the same; the

visible always changing. Does not our Soul belong to the former, our Body to the latter kind? Our Body is visible: our Soul, is it visible?—Not by mortal eyes, and that is what we have here to do with. And thus the soul belongs to the invisible class of existences, and approaches the nature of the eternal realities of which I spoke.

'But there are other arguments. When the soul (as we have already said) regards objects by the aid of the senses, and thus uses the body in its contemplation of the world, it is disturbed and distracted by contact with the body. It wanders, and grows giddy as if intoxicated. But when it considers objects by the help of its own powers alone, it is then drawn to that which is pure and eternal and immortal and uniform, and feels that it is of the nature of that. Its wanderings end; it becomes steady and uniform like its objects: and this condition is called Wisdom.

'Now which of the two kinds of existences, the permanent or the perishable, does the soul seem more to resemble and agree with, from these considerations?'

Cebes answers, 'There is no one, Socrates, so stupid as not to say, when led by this method, that the Soul resembles permanent more than transitory things, while the body is of nature transitory and not permanent.'

Socrates, though Cebes is so well satisfied, still proceeds to confirm his conviction by another argument.

'Consider the matter thus,' says he. 'The Soul and the Body are joined, and work together by nature; but the same nature directs the latter to serve and obey, the former to rule and govern. And in this aspect which of them appears to you more like the divine nature and which more like the mortal? Is it not an attribute of divinity to rule and direct, and of mortal creatures to be ruled and directed? To which then of

these two is the soul like? Plainly the soul is of a divine, the body of a mortal nature.

'Now putting all these things together, Cebes, is it not evident that the soul is to be classed with things divine, immortal, thinking, simple, indissoluble, unchangeable; and the body with things human, mortal, unintelligent, manifold in its composition, dissoluble and constantly changing? Can we deny it, my dear Cebes, or is it so?'

'It is so.'

And then comes the application of this doctrine of the nature and prospects of the soul, which is no less interesting than the doctrine itself. The doctrine is Immortality; the inference, the claims of Virtue.

'Well but,' Socrates says, 'this being so, the body is appointed to be soon dissolved, and the soul to be, in comparison, indestructible. And yet when a man dies, the visible part of him, his body, which lies before our eyes and

which we call his corpse, which is appointed to be dissolved, to fall to dust, to evaporate, still does not immediately undergo this lot, but remains without much alteration for a considerable time; —especially if the body be in good condition and the season favourable. And indeed if the body be embalmed, as is practised in Egypt, it will remain without perishing a wonderful length of time. And some parts of the body, as the bones, even when the rest decays, remain almost for ever. The soul then, the immaterial part, which goes to a place similar to itself, immaterial, pure and exalted in nature, namely to Hades, to the good and wise God;—whither, if God please, my soul must very soon go:—the soul, I say, being of a nature so superior to the body as we have seen, can it, as soon as it is separated from the body, be dispersed into nothing and perish, as the majority of mankind hold? O far otherwise, my dear Cebes and Simmias! Rather will this be the

result. If it take its departure in a state of purity, not carrying with it any clinging impurities of the body, impurities which, during life, it never willingly shared in, but always avoided, gathering itself into itself and making this separation from the body its aim and study—that is, devoting itself to true philosophy and studying how to die calmly;—for this is true philosophy, is it not?—Well then, so prepared, the soul departs into that invisible region which is of its own nature, the region of the Divine, the Immortal, the Wise; and then its lot is to be happy, in a state in which it is freed from fears and wild desires, and the other evils of humanity, and spends the rest of its existence with the Gods, as those are taught to expect who are initiated in the Mysteries. Shall we say it is so, or otherwise, Cebes?'

Cebes, carried away by the appeal, says, 'So,' and not otherwise, assuredly.'

Socrates then gives the other side of the picture:

'But if the soul depart from the body, polluted and impure, as having always been mixed with the body, and having served it and delighted in it; and having allowed itself to be bewitched by it and its desires and pleasures; so that nothing appeared to be real which was not corporeal—something that could be touched and seen and eaten and drunk and used for enjoyment;—and having always hated and feared and shunned that which is invisible to the bodily eyes, the intellectual objects at which philosophy aims;—do you conceive that such a soul can be pure in itself, or fitted for a region of purity? No: it is swathed in the encumbrance of its corporeal covering, which this constant intercourse and too close union have rendered part of its nature.' And hence, it is implied, it cannot go to a region of purity and happiness. And the belief in ghosts, common then as

now, is referred to in such a way as to give confirmation of this doctrine.

'The covering which such souls retain after death, we must needs suppose to be gross, heavy, earthy, visible. The soul, loaded with such a weight, is again dragged down into this visible region, by the fear of that invisible region, Hades. And thus these souls are led to wander among the tombs and monuments of the dead; where such phantoms have often been seen. These are the appearances of souls which have been dismissed from the body in a state of impurity. They partake of the corporeal and visible elements, and therefore they are seen by human eyes.'—'That, Socrates, seems probable.'—'Probable it is, Cebes; but these are the souls, not of good men, but of bad men; which are thus compelled to wander after death, undergoing punishment for their past deeds which were evil. And thus they wander, until, by the longing which they feel for the cor-

poreal element which thus clings to them, they are again enclosed in a body. And they are enclosed in a body, as may be supposed, corresponding in its habits with the habits which they had during their former lives. Those which had been addicted to gluttony, to intemperance, to lust, those which had known no restraint, pass into the bodies of asses and the like. Those which had a propensity to injustice and wrong, to tyranny and violence, pass into the bodies of wolves and hawks and vultures. And so of the rest, each goes into a state resembling the propensities which they had cherished. How should it be otherwise?

'And those are the happiest, and go into the best places, who had practised those social and public virtues which men call temperance and justice;—practised them by habit and nature, without philosophy and without reflection. And what course does their happiness take? It is probable that they resume their

life among social and political creatures, such as they have been, bees and wasps and ants; or perhaps they return again into human bodies, and become good men.

'But none can attain to the rank of Gods but those who pursue philosophy, and depart from the body pure; none but the lovers of true knowledge.

'And on this account, my dear friends Simmias and Cebes, those who truly pursue philosophy, abstain from the gratification of bodily desires, and bear all trials, and resist all temptations; they fear no privations and no poverty, like common men who are enslaved by the love of wealth. They fear no obloquy nor loss of good name, like those who are carried away by the love of honours and of power. They leave such men to go their way, and heed them not. They care for their souls, not their bodies, and take another course. They reckon that such persons do not know to what they are tending.

They will not run counter to philosophy and her teaching;—they aim at the liberation and purification which she gives, and follow where she leads.

'You ask how they do this? I will tell you. Those who really love truth know how philosophy benefits the soul. They know that she receives it completely bound up in and fastened to the body; compelled to look at everything, not directly, but as it were, through the walls of a prison; and thus condemned to darkness, and feeling that the strength of its prison consists in the strength of its own desires, and that it is itself the accomplice of its own captivity. They know that philosophy receives the soul thus entangled, and comforts it, and sets about liberating it; by showing it that perception by the eyes and by the ears is full of deceit; by persuading it to trust these as little as possible, and to collect itself into itself, and to trust its own peculiar and innate powers of contemplating

realities: to ascribe no reality to what it apprehends in any other way: since all such things are the object only of external sense and vision, but the things which it sees directly and by itself are invisible and intelligible only. The soul of a real lover of truth does not oppose itself to this offer of liberation; and hence abstains from pleasures and desires and griefs and fears with all its power; for it considers that when a man is under the sway of strong joy or fear or grief or desire, the evils which thus move him are not so great as he imagines; while the last and greatest of evils he suffers without regarding it:—namely, the belief that visible things, the objects of these joys and griefs, are the clearest and strongest of realities, and the consequent subjugation of its powers to them. Every pleasure and every grief furnishes a nail which fastens the soul to the body; makes it an appendage to the body, and like the body; judging of things

as the body judges. By sharing in the perceptions and in the joys of the body, it acquires the habits and character of the body; and thus cannot pass away pure to the other world, but departs still loaded with the body; and hence quickly falls into another body and grows again like a seed that is sown; and thus has no share in the intercourse with the divine and pure and simple essence which is its proper object.'

We may at present refuse to assent to the doctrine, here as elsewhere asserted by Plato, that the purification and elevation of the soul is the result of the study of abstract truths, which is what he calls philosophy: but to seek purification and elevation in that way and in such a spirit, was still a noble scheme of life. Socrates goes on in the same strain:

'It is on these accounts, O Cebes, that the real lovers of truth are temperate and brave, and not from motives such

as the great body of mankind assign. The soul of a real lover of wisdom would not reason as they do;—would not think that philosophy must set him free, and that when she has done this, he may again give himself over to pleasures and pains, and thus undo what she has done; weaving her web to unravel it again after the fashion of Penelope. His soul obtains a calm repose from passion; follows reason as her guide, and is employed in the contemplation of what is true and divine and above mere opinion; and nourishing herself on this truth, sees that she is so to live while life endures, and when death comes, is to depart into a congenial region, and to be freed from the evils of humanity. Thus supported and thus prepared, O Simmias and Cebes, the soul has no reason to fear that in passing away from the body, she will be dissipated by the winds, and evaporate and pass away, and cease altogether to be.'

This strain of confidence in the final happiness of the virtuous man, and consequent calmness in the presence of death, is a mood of mind which we may well contemplate with admiration in a heathen philosopher. But however much a man may be a philosopher, death, when near and inevitable, must be a solemn thing: and Socrates is not represented as regarding it otherwise. After this effusion, he is for a time silent. If his eloquence is touching, his silence is still more so, as showing how deeply he felt the solemnity of his position; and such is the impression made on his friends. The narrative thus proceeds:

'When Socrates had said this, there was silence for a considerable time; he himself being occupied in dwelling upon the thoughts to which he had given utterance, so far as one could judge, as most of us also were. Cebes and Simmias, however, began to talk together a little. And Socrates perceiv-

ing this, asked them: "What are you talking of? Have I left anything unexplained? No doubt there are still many objections to be made, if any one is to go through the whole subject. If you are speaking about other matters, I have nothing to say: but if you are occupied with doubts upon our subject, do not be afraid to utter and discuss them, in any way you like, and take me with you, if you think I can give you any help." Simmias answered: "Well, Socrates, I will tell you the truth. We have long been moved with doubts; and each of us urges the other to propose them to you, whose judgment we wish to hear; but we hesitate, from the fear of disturbing you, and occupying you in that which may be disagreeable to you, in the position in which you now are."

'Upon this, Socrates said, with a quiet smile, "Alack, Simmias! I can hardly expect to persuade other persons that I do not regard my present position as

calamitous, when I cannot persuade you; when you are afraid that I am now more irritable than I have been at former times. You will not even allow me the merit of a swan; they, you know, are said to sing most sweetly when they know that they are going to die;-they rejoice that they are to go to the deity whose servants they are. Men, indeed, fearing death themselves cannot understand this; and so they calumniate the swans, and say that they lament their death, and therefore sing their loudest. They do not consider that birds do not sing when they are hungry or cold or in pain; not even the nightingale, nor the swallow, nor the hoopoe, though they say that the song of these is a lamentation expressing pain. I, for my part, do not think that either these birds sing from pain, or that dying swans do. I think that, as they are peculiarly consecrated to Apollo, they have the gift of foresight; and thus, foreknowing the happiness

which awaits them in another world, they sing and express more joy on that day than they ever did before. ...

"And I think too that I serve the same Power as the swans, and am consecrated to the same God; and that I have from our Master as much the gift of foreknowledge as they have; and that I have no more misgivings at quitting life than they have. And therefore go on saying and asking what you please till the executioners—the Eleven sent by the Athenians—come to me."

"'You are very good,' said Simmias. 'I will tell you what my doubt is; and Cebes also will tell you what objection he has to what you have said.'"

That Socrates, on the verge of death, should express with eloquent fervour his conviction that there is another life, and that a virtuous character in this life is the best preparation for that, very naturally excited the admiration of his friends: but it raised their admiration much higher that, in

these the closing moments of his life, he could clearly and acutely answer arguments which were brought against his opinion; and do this with a calmness and equanimity that made pleasantry appear not out of place. Simmias propounds his objection with some prefatory remarks intended to justify the freedom of thus philosophising. He says:

'I think, O Socrates, as you probably think on such matters: that to know anything certainly in this present life about them, is either impossible or at any rate very difficult: but yet that we must examine all opinions, and subject them to the strictest scrutiny; and that to faint and desist before we have sifted them to the bottom, is want of energy and perseverance. We must come to one of two results;—either we must learn what is the truth: or if we cannot do that, we must take the best and most plausible of the doctrines offered to us, and take our chance upon this,

like men on a raft, and so try to tide over life; unless we can find some vessel more safe and solid, some divine doctrine on which we may make this passage.

'Therefore I will not hesitate to put my difficulty to you, after what you have said. I will not have to blame myself hereafter that I did not now say to you what was in my mind. For looking at what has been said in my own mind, and with Cebes here, I cannot say that I am quite satisfied.'

'Well,' Socrates said, 'perhaps you are right: but what is the point in which you are not satisfied?'

'Why,' answered Simmias, 'this it is. One might say the same things about a lyre with its chords, and the harmony which it produces, as you say about the body and the soul. One might say that the harmony is something invisible and incorporeal, and beautiful and divine, which exists in the tuned lyre; and that the lyre and its strings are material

things, of a corporeal nature, composed of things, terrestrial things, and of a perishable character. And thus a person might reason, as you have been reasoning; and might say that if he were to break the lyre and sever the strings, the harmony must still subsist: that the lyre, while its perishable strings were broken, could no longer exist; but that the harmony, which is of a nature agreeing with the divine and immortal, could not so soon cease to be. And thus he might say that the harmony must necessarily survive the instrument; and that when the frame and the strings perish, this harmony still could not cease to subsist. For, Socrates, I conceive you must allow that the soul is connected with the body; that our body being drawn and balanced by opposite agencies, hot and cold and dry and wet, our soul is a mixture and mutual relation or harmony of these elements, resulting from their due and suitable combination. And if the soul be thus a kind of harmony, it follows

that when the balance is destroyed, and the body is drawn too strongly or too feebly, by reason of disease or accident, the soul must forthwith perish, all divine though it be. Just as the harmonies of strings, and the fitnesses which exist in any other works of art, perish, while the fragments of the material frame remain long undestroyed. Consider then how we are to answer this argument, if any one shall say that the soul is a result of the combination of bodily elements; and that in what we call death, it is the first thing that perishes.'

'On this, Socrates looking keenly at us, as he was wont, and smiling, said: "Simmias speaks reasonably. And if any of you is abler than I am to answer him, let him do it. But before we set about replying to him, I think we ought also to hear Cebes, and to learn what is his objection to our doctrine, that we may gain time to consider what we shall say. When we have heard both,

if they chime in at all with our notions, we can agree with them; and if not we can then reply to them. So tell us, Cebes, what is it that troubles you and prevents your agreeing with us."

"I will tell you," said Cebes. "I think we are still at the same point at which we were before, and our argument open to the same objection. That our soul existed before it came into its present form, I do not deny that you have ably, and if I might presume to say so, admirably proved: but that the soul will subsist after we are dead, does not appear to me equally clear. I do not however agree with the objection of Simmias. I think the soul is much more strong and permanent than the body. Why then, you may say, do you doubt? When a man dies, you see that the part which you allow to be the weakest, still remains? Must not the more durable remain still longer? Now that I may explain myself, let me make use of an image, as Simmias has done.

To me it seems that what has been urged is just as if, when an old weaver died, one were to say the same;—were to maintain that he was not dead, but still exists somewhere or other; and as proof of this, were to produce the garment which he had woven and worn, and were to show that it is still there and whole; and were to ask which is the more durable, a man's body, or his garment, especially when in the course of wear: and when the answer was made that the man is much the more durable, should urge this as a proof that the man must be still in a state of preservation, since this garment which is less lasting, is still there.

"But yet that does not follow, Simmias; for I would have you also attend to what I am saying. For any one would see that such an argument is absurd. For the weaver had woven and worn many such garments in succession; and then he went to decay after those many, but before the last of them: and

yet it is not because a man is frailer and more perishable than a garment. And the same is the case with the Soul compared with the Body. One might reasonably say that the Soul is more durable, the Body more perishable; but that the Soul wears out many Bodies, especially if the life be a long one. For if the Body is in a constant state of change and flux, even during life, the Soul weaves itself a new garment as the old wears away, and is weaving its last one, and falls to decay before that only; and when the Soul is gone, the Body shows how frail it is, and soon falls to corruption. And thus you have now no solid reason to believe that when we are dead our Soul still survives.

"And even if one should grant more than this to the asserter of the Soul's immortality;—if one should allow that the Soul not only existed before we were born, but that even after we are dead the Souls of some may still con-

vive and exist, and may be often born again and again die;—the Soul being supposed to be so durable as to last out many bodies;—still it would not follow that the Soul may not be worn out by a series of such births, and may not at some of these deaths come to a final end and cease to be. One might say that this final dissolution of the body which brings with it the death of the Soul, no one can know or foresee. But still if this be so, no one can have good reason to think of death without fear, unless he can prove that the Soul is altogether immortal and indestructible. He must still have cause to apprehend that in the death which is imminent, the Soul in its separation from the body, may perish altogether."'

'All we,' Phædo goes on to say, 'hearing these discourses, had an unpleasant impression, as we afterwards confessed to one another. We had been convinced by the previous discourse of Socrates, and now we were again thrown

into trouble and doubt; not only doubt respecting the arguments which had been urged in favour of the Soul's immortality, but also misgiving with regard to anything which might be urged afterwards. It seemed as if we might be unable to form a judgment on the question; or as if the subject itself admitted of no certainty.' . . .

ECH. 'Assuredly, Phædo, I can excuse you for such a feeling. For at the hearing of your account, the same thought occurs to me: What arguments are we to trust to? For the reasoning of Socrates which seemed so convincing, is, it appears, not to be trusted. In truth, I am much struck, and have often been so before, by this notion, that the Soul is a kind of Harmony; and now that the view is put into words, I recollect that I have often thought the same. And I am now in need, as much as at the beginning, of some new proof that the Soul does not die with the Body. Tell me therefore, I beseech you, how

Socrates resumed the discussion: and whether he too was, as you say you were, evidently troubled, or whether he steadily resumed his arguments; and whether his arguments were satisfactory or not? Tell me everything as exactly as you can.'

PH. 'Indeed, Echecrates, I had often admired Socrates, but I never admired him so much as I did then. That he should be able to make a reply, was perhaps not wonderful. But what I admired was especially this: how sweetly, and gently, and kindly he received the objections of those young men; and then how quickly he perceived the impression which they had made upon us; and then how he recovered us from our depression; how he rallied our broken ranks and encouraged us and led us back to the discussion.'—ECH. 'How was that done?'

PH. 'I will tell you. I was sitting on his right upon a low seat by the side of his bed, so that he was a good deal

higher than I was. So he dropped his hand and stroked my head, and pressed my hair which lay upon my neck—he often used to play with my hair—and said, "Phædo, I suppose you intend to cut off these beautiful locks to-morrow, as a sign of mourning."—"So it seems, Socrates," I replied.—"Do not do it *then*," said he, "if you will take my advice."—"What do you mean?" said I.—"You must cut your locks and put yourself in mourning to-day, and I must do the same, if our Doctrine is mortally stricken and we cannot bring it to life again. If I were you, and if this Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul were conquered, I would take an oath, as the Argives did, never to let my hair grow, till in a fresh fight I had overcome the arguments of Simmias and Cebes."—"But," said I, "according to the proverb, even Hercules is not a match for two."—"Well," said he, "take me for your Iolaus, the companion of Hercules, while daylight still allows

you to do so."—"I take you for my aid," said I, "not as Hercules took Iolaus, but as Iolaus took Hercules."—"It comes to the same thing," said he. "But there is one error which we must take care to avoid."—"What is that?" said I.—"The error of coming to dislike Reason, as some persons come to dislike men, and become misanthropes. There can be no greater misfortune than to hate Reason. And the hatred of Reason may be got in the same way as some get a hatred of men. Misanthropy is produced by trusting some man entirely, without knowing mankind, and believing him to be true and sound and honest, and then finding him false and dishonest; and then doing the same thing to another, and another. When this has happened to a man often, and especially if it have been among those whom he deemed his surest friends, at last he hates everybody, and thinks that nobody is honest. Have you not observed this?"—"Certainly," said I.—"And

is it not," said he, "a shocking result? And it is plain that it comes of a man dealing with men without a knowledge of mankind. Now arguments are in this respect like men. If a man assent to an argument as true, without knowing how to reason, and then shortly after find it to be false, sometimes when it is so, sometimes when it is not; and so of another and another; you know that he comes to mistrust all argument. Especially those who are most occupied with arguing on both sides of questions, you know that at last they think they are very wise, and can see, what others cannot see, that nothing is solid, and certain;—that everything runs upwards and downwards like the currents of the Euripus, and that nothing is permanent and stable."—"You say very truly," said I.—"Would it not then," said he, "be a lamentable thing, if, when an argument was really solid and intelligible, a person who had been engaged

among inconclusive reasonings, which leave no stable conviction, and had thus become sceptical about the sound argument, should blame, not himself and his own bad reasonings, but Reason itself; and should take to speaking ill of it, and thus lose the benefit of truth and knowledge?"—"A lamentable thing indeed," said I.—"First then," said he, "let us take care to avoid this error; and not admit the belief into our minds that there is nothing sound and certain in itself. Let us rather suppose that our minds are not sound, and let us try manfully to make them so:—you and the rest, because you have long to live, and I, because I am soon to die: that I may behave as becomes a philosopher, and not like mere disputatious talkers. They in their disputes do not care on which side the truth lies, but merely try to persuade the bystanders to adopt the opinions which they have asserted. I am in a very different state from them. My main purpose is, not that

I may convince the bystanders, except as a secondary object, but that I may satisfy myself. And see, my dear friend, under what advantages I am reasoning. If my doctrine is true, it is well to know it; and even if after death there be nothing, I shall still avoid wearying my companions with my lamentations while I live. And my error will not last long: there will soon be an end of it. And with this preparation, O Simmias and Cebes, I come to the argument. And you, if you will take my advice, will think little about Socrates, but a great deal about Truth; and if I say what seems to be true, take it up, but if otherwise, reject it; being on your guard that I may not, in my eagerness, deceive you as well as myself, and thus depart like a bee, leaving my sting in you."

This preparation for the answer to the arguments of Simmias and Cebes is somewhat prolix; and yet the last trait is very affecting, where Socrates

begs his friends to prefer the Truth; even to the Hope of Immortality which he cherishes, now that he is compelled to leave life. The preparation is still further lengthened by a brief restatement of the arguments.

'Well; we must get on,' he said; 'and first put me in mind what you said, if I do not recollect it aright. Simmias, I think, is doubtful and afraid that the Soul, though it be something more divine and more excellent than the body, may yet perish before it, being of the nature of a Harmony. And Cebes seemed to grant me that the soul might be more durable than the body, but he thought nobody would know whether the soul, having worn out many bodies, might perish on leaving the last body; and that this might be death, the true death which annihilates the soul. Is it what you say, Simmias and Cebes?'—They agreed that it was.

'But whether,' said he, 'do you reject

all our former doctrines, or only some of them?'—They said they rejected some and accepted others.—'And what,' said he, 'do you say of that doctrine in which we held that learning is recollecting; and that this being so, the soul must have existed somewhere, before it was in the body?'

'I,' said Cebes, 'accepted that doctrine before with perfect faith, and I still hold to it as firmly as one can hold anything.'

'I too,' said Simmias, 'am of the same mind; and I should be much surprised if I ever came to think otherwise.'

'Yet,' said Socrates, 'my good Theban friend, you must come to think otherwise, if you hold to the opinion that the soul is a Harmony arising from the composition of the body and the relations of its elements. For you will not venture to say that the harmony thus arising from composition existed before the parts were put together.'

'Certainly not, Socrates.'

'And yet, if you reflect, you will see that you do say this, when you say that the soul exists before that it comes into a human form, and yet that the soul is the Harmony of the parts of the body. A harmony is not like the soul in this. The lyre, the strings, the sounds, must be there first; and the harmony comes last of all. Your two doctrines do not chime together at all.'

—'They do not,' says Simmias.

'And yet if any doctrines should chime together, it is doctrines about harmony.'

—'They should,' says Simmias.

'But at present they do not. Take your choice then. Which of the two opinions will you hold by; that learning is recollecting, or that the soul is a harmony?'

'I must prefer the former, Socrates,' said he. 'The latter I took up without proof on mere probability, for its prettiness, as other persons do. But I know by experience how fallacious such probabilities are, as one may see especially

in geometry. But the doctrine about learning and recollecting is demonstrated on sound principles. It was proved that the soul is something anterior to the Body, as the Idea is anterior to the things which we observe and call after the name of the Idea;—as the Idea of Goodness is anterior to our observation of things that are good;—as the Idea of space is anterior to our observation of things in space, such as figures. This, as I am persuaded, is rightly and completely proved; and therefore I cannot say, nor allow others to say, that the Soul is a Harmony.'

To confirm him in this judgment, Socrates proceeds to refute still further, the doctrine that the Soul is a Harmony. His arguments are these.

'Harmony is the agreement of parts; and the parts which comprise the harmony may agree more or less; and accordingly as they do, there is more or less harmony. But we cannot say

that there is in different cases more or less Soul; that one Soul is more a Soul than another.'

Again: 'It is held by philosophers that Virtue and Wisdom are the harmony, vice and folly the disharmony or discord of the Soul. Hence if the Soul be a Harmony, we have a harmony of a harmony, and a disharmony of a harmony. But how can this be, if one Soul be not more a Soul than another?

'And hence, also, if the Soul were a harmony, no Soul would be vicious.'

Again: 'The parts of the Soul are sometimes opposed to one another: as when a man is thirsty, and controls himself and abstains from drinking. Here one part of the Soul is so far from being in harmony with another, that it checks and thwarts it: Reason opposes Appetite and Desire and Anger. So in Homer, Ulysses, repressing his rage, . . .

Smote on his breast, rebuked his swelling heart: . . . .

Bear this too, heart; thou hast borne worse than this.

Do you think that Homer, when he wrote this, thought that the soul was a Harmony? Did he not think it something of a much higher nature, in which there is a ruling principle? and shall we contradict the divine poet?'—Simmias assents to these arguments.

The arguments against the soul being a mere Harmony of the parts of the Body, are really ingenious, and acutely put; and we can assent to the conviction which they are represented as producing: especially if we accept Plato's doctrine of Pre-existent Ideas, which, as I have said, is replaced among the moderns by the doctrine of Innate Ideas. And having thus victoriously disposed of one of the objectors, he turns somewhat triumphantly to the other, with an allusion to the two founders of the city to which Simmias and Cebes belonged, whom mythology

spoke of as Harmonia and Cadmus. 'We have found Harmony propitious to us,' he says, 'let us now propitiate Cadmus': perhaps implying that he would make Cebes's arguments destroy one another, as Cadmus's earth-born soldiers did.

This, the last of the arguments for the Immortality of the Soul which the dying Socrates delivers, we should be especially desirous of presenting in an intelligible and persuasive form. It is however very difficult to do so; for though he begins by re-stating Cebes's difficulty, his reasonings do not apply with any closeness to Cebes's view, but rather fall back upon the most general questions, and seem addressed to other arguments rather than that of Cebes. In order to preserve unity in this Dialogue, I shall, in translating this part of it, abridge some portions so as to carry on the argument more directly.

'Cebes said, "I do not doubt but that you will answer my objection; you

have answered that of Simmias about harmony, in a way incomparably more complete than I thought possible. He was defeated at the first onset. The same will very likely happen to me."

'"My friend," said Socrates, "let us have no boasting, for fear that envy may damage our discourse beforehand. We are in the hands of God; but let us go on side by side, as Homer says.

'"The sum of what you say is this: you wish to have the soul proved to be indestructible and immortal, that a person who has lived as a philosopher, when he comes to die, may have reason to trust that he will be happy after death. You are not satisfied that the soul should be very durable only. If we cannot prove it to be immortal, we have still reason to fear. I repeat your objections on purpose that nothing may escape us. Have you anything to add or to take away?"—"Nothing," says Cebes: "you have stated my meaning rightly."

'Then Socrates, having been silent for

a time, as to collect himself, said: "It is no small matter, Cebes, that you require. For we must discuss the causes of generation and destruction. Well, then; I will, if you choose, tell you the course of my thoughts on such subjects; and you may judge if the history is of any use in this case."—"I should by all means," said Cebes, "wish to hear it."

'"Then I will tell you. When I was a young man, Cebes, I was wonderfully taken with what they call Natural Philosophy. It seemed to me an admirable thing to know the cause of everything; why it is produced and why it is destroyed, and why it exists. I was vastly curious about such inquiries as these: whether heat and moisture by fermentation give birth to animals, as some said: whether that by which we think be the blood, or air, or fire; or whether none of these, but the brain be the organ by which we have our sensations—hearing, seeing, smelling; and whether memory and opinion

arise from these, and when these acquire fixity, they become knowledge. And in the same way, looking at the causes of destruction, and at the phenomena of the earth and the heavens, at last I appeared to myself to be as stupid at these matters, as it is possible to be. And I will give you a proof of this. I got so perplexed, that what I had seemed to know well before, I no longer knew. For instance: how it is that a man grows? I had thought that it was by eating and drinking; and that out of his food flesh is added to flesh, and bone to bone, and to each organ its appropriate substance, and thus a small body becomes a large one, and a little man a great one. Does not this seem to you reasonable?"—"Certainly," said Cebes.'

He then goes on to explain how these simple and obvious notions of causation had been perplexed and obscured by more subtle speculations. We must suppose that the speculations to which

he refers had obtained a considerable hold upon the minds of men at that time, though to us now they appear puerile and barren subtleties. The questions discussed were of this kind: What is the cause why ten is more than eight? Is it the two that are added to the eight? When one added to one makes two, is the cause of its being two the first one, or the second one, or the addition? If neither of the ones was two, how did they become two by being put together? If one is divided into two, does division make two here, as addition did before?

We need not wonder that Socrates was dissatisfied with such inquiries as these. He sought, he says, for some other line of speculation. And he happened to hear someone read from a book of Anaxagoras that Mind or Intelligence was what had ordered everything, and was the cause of everything. With this notion he was delighted. He thought it was a promising doctrine,

that Mind was the cause of everything. He thought that this being so, Mind must place each thing and person where it is best that they should be. And therefore, if we would learn the cause why anything is produced or destroyed or exists, we must learn where it is best that it should exist or do or suffer: and thus, man would need no study, except the study of What is Best. Knowing this, he would know all. 'And so I was delighted to have found in Anaxagoras the teacher of causation whom I had sought for.

'I thought that he would tell me whether the earth is flat or round, by showing which of the two it was better that it should be: that if he said it was in the middle of the universe, he would show that it was better that it should be in the middle. And if he could show me this, I should not want, I conceived, any other cause. And so about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, their rates of moving, their paths in the sky, and

their other phenomena, I expected that he would show how it is best that each should do what it does. I thought that, as he said it was Mind which ordered the whole, he would never assign any other cause for their arrangements than that it was best they should be so arranged. I thought he would apply this notion of what was best to each part and to the whole. I would not for any consideration have parted with my hopes. I got his books immediately, and read them eagerly, that I might forthwith know about the better and the worse.'

This craving for a system which should give a reason of this kind for all the arrangements of the physical and moral world is, doubtless, very natural to the human mind, when it has accepted the belief of a Supreme Intelligence directing and disposing all things. Systems of Natural Philosophy framed on such a basis have been devised by ingenious men at various times;

for instance, by Descartes, and by Leibnitz. But they have always failed to bear a close examination; and it does not appear that such knowledge is within the reach of the human powers. Hence those who cannot be satisfied without such systems are always liable to the disappointment which Socrates describes as having befallen him.

'I was dashed down,' he says, 'from these lofty hopes when, as I went on, I found that my author made no use of his "Mind," nor referred to it as the source of the arrangements of the world; but assigned as causes, airs and ethers, and fluids and the like. It seemed to me as if any one, after saying that Socrates does all that he does in virtue of his "Mind," and then proceeding to assign the cause why I am sitting here, should say, that my body is composed of bones and muscles; that the bones are solid, and separate, and that the muscles can be contracted and extended, and are all enclosed in the flesh and skin; and

that the bones, being jointed, can be drawn by the muscles, and so I can move my legs as you see; and that this is the reason why I am sitting here.

'And as if again he were to assign the like causes for the fact that I am now talking with you;—making the causes to be air and voice and hearing, and the like; and were not to mention the true cause,—that the Athenians thought it best to condemn me, and that I thought it best to remain here, and to suffer the sentence which they have pronounced. For most assuredly these bones and muscles would long ago have carried me to Megára or to Bœotia, moved by my opinion of what was best, if I had not thought it more right and honourable to submit to the sentence pronounced by the State, than to run away from it. To call such things causes is absurd. If indeed any one were to say that without having bones and muscles and the like I could not do what I wish, he would say truly: but that I do what

I do because of these, and not because of my choice of what is best, would be a gross abuse of language.

'For there is a great difference between that which is the cause, and that without which the cause would not produce its effect. And yet many men, groping in the dark, as it were, call this, which is a mere condition, a cause. And hence one man surrounds the earth with a vortex which revolves while the earth is at rest; another puts a large bowl over the air: but they never attempt to show that it is best it should be so: they do not place their universe upon this, the strongest foundation, namely, the Greatest Good; but seek for some Atlas stronger still, to bear it up upon his shoulders.'

As I have said, a sound system of the physical universe, founded upon the doctrine of the Greatest Good, is perhaps not possible for man. But the belief that the moral world—that man and his destinies—are directed for the

best, has been always one of the strongest grounds for the belief in a future life, in which virtuous men will receive the happiness for which they were preparing themselves in this life. That the world is governed by Intelligence on such a plan, was a consideration which, it would seem, Socrates might here have introduced with great propriety to justify the hopes which he was cherishing. If Anaxagoras had not so used his doctrine of a Supreme Intelligence, Socrates might have, on this occasion, supplied the deficiency left by his predecessor. This he does not expressly do: though the thought is perhaps suggested by what is said, and has its influence upon the reader's convictions.

But instead of dwelling upon this view, Socrates goes on to describe the next line of speculation into which he was led; his second voyage in search of a satisfactory view of causation, as he calls it: which he says he is willing

to relate, and which Cebes expresses a great desire to hear. His account is that he was then led to look at things themselves: and, in short, led to the doctrine of Ideas, which he afterwards so constantly insisted upon; — that Beauty, and Goodness, and Greatness, and the like, were realities, by partaking of which things were beautiful, and good, and great: that the real cause why anything was beautiful was the presence of beauty: that greatness was the cause why things were greater, and smallness, why they were less. One man cannot be greater than another by the head, as a cause. For then the second would be less than the first by the same cause; an absurdity at which Cebes laughs. When one is added to one, two is produced, not by addition, but by partaking the nature of duality.

This is assented to as a very clear account of the matter by Simmias and Cebes in the Dialogue; and by Echecrates the listener, and Phædo the

narrator, in this repetition of it. And upon this is founded a chain of reasoning of some considerable length and complexity, of which the result is declared to be that the Soul is immortal and indestructible.

I have already said we are naturally desirous of seeing this last argument of Socrates in an intelligible and persuasive form. It is difficult to give it such a form, but the general purport of it may be stated to be this. The Ideas of things, which represent their essence, are really their causes; and no external causes can overmaster these. And in these Ideas, besides the fundamental attribute, we have often some accessory attribute, necessarily combined with it: thus with the Idea of three is necessarily combined the Idea of odd number. Now the Soul is the Principle of Life; and as such, our Idea of it is opposite to Death: and thus by its Essence it is Immortal. And with the Idéa of Immortal is

necessarily connected the Idea of Indestructible: the soul therefore is immortal and indestructible, in spite of any external cause, such as the physical circumstances of death. When death comes to a man, his mortal part dies, the immortal part lives; and thus our souls shall exist in another world. Cebes and Simmias assent to this reasoning; though with some remaining scruples, Simmias says, arising, he adds, from the greatness of the subject.

Socrates then draws his inference from this doctrine. 'It is right,' he says, 'to bear in mind this: that if the soul be immortal, it requires our care, not only during the time that we call life, but for all time; and great is our danger if we neglect it. If death were the end of all, it would be a gain for the wicked to get rid of their body and of their wickedness at the same time, when their soul departs. But since the soul is immortal, there is no help for it except to make it good and wise:

for it carries nothing with it into the other world, but the preparation which it has received here.'

Having thus asserted his conviction of a life of the soul after death, Socrates is led to describe in detail the condition and history of the soul after it has quitted the body, and the regions to which it is then admitted. He does this without pretending that his account is exact, but this he says, or something like this, must be true. His picture of the other world is borrowed partly from the mythological tales of the poets and priests, partly from the physical speculations of the philosophers, and is in a good measure, as we can perceive, expanded and adorned by Plato's own imagination.

'This,' he says, 'is the account. The "Dæmon" or Angel which had the care of each man while he was alive, proceeds to take him to the general place of judgment, there to be detained his appointed time, and to return after

stated periods. The roads to Hades are many and complex, and a guide is needed. The good and well-ordered soul follows the guiding angel gladly; but the carnal soul clings to the body, and lingers about its earthly haunts, and can hardly be led away. The impure soul, polluted with evil deeds, is shunned by other souls and wanders long in misery: the pure and well-conducted soul finds its appointed habitation.'

He then proceeds to describe the Universe, and the regions of happiness and misery which exist in it; and here we see many traces of Plato's own speculations on these subjects. He makes Socrates say that he is convinced that the earth is in many respects different from the account commonly given of it. 'I am persuaded,' he says, 'that if it is circular and placed in the middle of the heavens, it requires neither the surrounding air nor any other machinery

to prevent its falling: it will preserve its balance and its centrality.

'In the next place, it is very large. The part that we inhabit, from Phasis in the Euxine to the Pillars of Hercules, is a small depression, in which we live like frogs or ants round a pool. There are many other such hollows of various forms and sizes, and in these are collected all the water and vapour and air; but the earth, where it rises above these depressions, is a purer region, being there in the ether which is above the air, and in which the stars are. We are in the mere sediment of the Universe. We think we are on the surface of the earth; but that is only as if any one living at the bottom of the ocean, and seeing the sun and the stars through the water, should think that the water was the sky. So we think the air is the sky. If we could rise above the air into the ether, the change would be as great as for the supposed spectator to rise out of

the ocean into the air. He would then see the true light and the true heaven. And in those ethereal regions everything is bright and pure. Here everything is dimmed and corroded as things in the sea are by the salt water. As the sea is full of mud and dirt, while the objects on the earth are brighter and finer, so the objects in the ethereal region are brighter and clearer far than what we have here. The earth is a ball like one of the balls which are made with twelve faces, of different bright colours, of which the brightest colours used by painters are faint shadows: one part is purple of exquisite hue, another golden, another whiter than alabaster or snow; and other colours more beautiful than we have ever seen. The objects which are produced here, in these lower parts, immersed in water or in air, have some tinge of those colours; but the trees and the fruits which are produced there, and even the mountains and the stones, have

colours and a polish and a transparency far more exquisite: of which our most precious gems here are only specimens; sardine stone, and jasper, and emerald, and the like; there, these and things more beautiful still, are the common materials of the earth. For there nothing is corrupted or corroded. And thus the earth is a fit spectacle for blessed spectators. And this earth has inhabitants, some of whom live on the shores of those seas of air, others in more central parts of the continents, and some in islands surrounded by air. Our air is as their water, their ether as our air. Their climate is such that they have no diseases, and live far longer than men here, and hence the senses of sight and hearing and smell are as much more acute with them as air is clearer than water, or ether than air.

'They have also temples and sacred groves, in which the gods really inhabit; and oracles and prophecies and visions of the gods and intercourse

with them. They see the sun and the moon as they are. And with them all is happiness.

'This is the condition of the upper earth: and further, there are in it cavities which run much deeper than the hollow which we inhabit. And these subterraneous cavities all communicate with one another. Through these communications run subterraneous rivers, some of cold, some of hot water; some of fire, some of mud, like the streams of lava and of mud which flow in Sicily; and these are all kept flowing by a kind of see-saw inside the earth. The oscillation is thus produced. One of the chasms in the earth, the greatest of all, is bored entirely through the earth;—the one of which Homer speaks,

Far down the deepest gulf that yawns
in earth:

and he and other poets call it Tartarus. Into this gulf flow all the rivers, and out of it again: and the cause is this.

The gulf has no bottom; and the fluid which falls into it oscillates up and down, and the air and the vapour follows it both when it moves to that side of the earth and to this: and thus there is a motion like breathing, by which the waters and the winds go in and go out. And thus the waters come forth and make rivers and lakes and seas, and then run in again, by courses of various lengths, and fall back into Tartarus; some at points much lower than their source, some only a little lower; but all somewhat lower; and some on the same side as their source, others on the opposite side; for some make a whole circle in their course, or even wind round the earth several times like a snake: and thus they fall in at some lower point, which may be as low down as the centre on each side, but cannot be lower; for after that point, they would have to reascend.

'Among these rivers, there are four especially noticeable: Oceanus which

runs round the whole; Acheron which runs in the opposite direction to this, and ends in the lake Acherusias; where the souls of the dead arrive and stay an appointed time, longer or shorter, till they again enter living bodies. The third river is Pyriphlegethon, a fiery river which makes a lake of boiling water and mud and fire larger than our sea; and flows round the earth, and touches the Acherusian lake but mixes not with it: of which we see fiery streams break through our earth. The fourth river makes the Stygian lake, of azure hue, which sinks into the earth, curves round opposite to the Pyriphlegethon, and falls into the Acherusian lake on the opposite side, and into Tartarus: this is the Cocytus.

'This being the state of the region, the angel takes each departed soul first to the place where judgment is passed, as to who have lived well and holily and who have not. Those who have lived a medium life, not quite good and

not quite bad, are made to float down the Acheron till they come to the lake, and there they stay till they are purged from their misdeeds. They who have been guilty of deeper crimes, sacrilege and murder and the like, are cast into Tartarus, whence they never come forth. Those who have committed crimes great, but not beyond cure, as violence done to parents, or homicide committed in wrath, and who have repented all the rest of their lives, those too must be cast into Tartarus, but when they have been there a year, the flood casts them forth, and drives them—the homicides to Cocytus—the strikers of father and mother to Pyriphlegethon; and when they have been carried to the Acherusian lake, they call for mercy to those whom they have injured, and if they obtain it, they are liberated and their torments cease; but if not, they are again carried to Tartarus, and again along the rivers, and so round and round till

they have obtained the forgiveness of the injured persons.

'But those who have lived in eminent holiness, are taken from this region as from a prison, and placed in that pure upper region of the earth. Those who have been duly purified by philosophy live without bodies ever afterwards, and arrive at even more glorious habitations, which we have neither time nor power to describe. But even for the sake of those which I have described, we must, Simmias, do everything we can, to be good and wise in this life. The prize is high, the hope is great.

'To assert positively that everything is as I have described, is not the part of a sensible man. But that this, or something like this, is the destiny of our immortal souls, appears to me a reasonable belief,—a belief on which one may fairly rest one's hopes. For the risk is overbalanced by the gain; and it is well to find a charm for one's

fears; and on this account it is that I thus prolong my tale. Let him then take courage as to the destiny of his Soul, who has, during life, disregarded bodily pleasures and worldly adornments, as things strangers to him and leading rather to evil; and who has adorned his soul with the true graces which do belong to it, justice and courage and freedom and truth; and who then awaits his passage to the other world, when his time shall come. And you,' said he, 'Simmias and Cebes, and the rest will each have to make this voyage at your appointed time. But as a tragedian would say, Destiny calls me now: and it is almost time to go to the bath; for it seems better to bathe before I drink the poison than to leave the women the trouble of washing a corpse.'

'When he said this, Crito remarked: "Be it so, Socrates: but what directions have you to give to me or to your other friends about your children, or

any other matter which we can do to gratify you?"—"What I have always been saying," he replied: "nothing new. That if you take good care of yourselves you will always gratify me and mine most, even if you made me no promise now: and that if you neglect your own real good, and do not follow faithfully the course of life which I have urged both now and on former occasions, you will not do anything to any purpose, however much you may now promise."—"This," said we, "we will do with all our hearts. But in what way shall we bury thee?"—"Even as you will," said he, "if you catch me, and I do not give you the slip." And then smiling quietly, and looking at us, he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that it is I who am now talking with you, and determining what to say. He thinks that I am that dead body which he will soon see here, and asks me how he shall bury me. And all this long discourse which I have been delivering,

to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall be with you no longer, but shall depart hence to the happiness of the blessed, I have delivered to no purpose, so far as he is concerned; as if I had said it merely to comfort you and myself.

'"My friends, Crito offered to be my security to the judge, that I would not run away: I want you to be my security to him that I shall, when I am dead, go away to another place. Assure him of this, that when he sees my body burnt or buried, he may not grieve for me as if some terrible calamity had happened to me; that at the funeral, he do not say that Socrates is laid on the bier, or carried to the grave, or laid therein. For be well assured," said he, "my excellent Crito, that to use such improper language is not only an absurdity but also does harm to people. You must speak comfortably, and say that you bury my body. And bury it, I beg, in that way which is most pleas-

ing to you and most agreeable to the laws.

'As he said this, he rose and passed into an inner chamber, to take the bath, and Crito followed him; but us he bade remain behind. So we stayed, partly discoursing and speculating about what had been said, and partly speaking of the great calamity we were about to suffer: we were, we said, to be fatherless for the rest of our lives. And when he had bathed, and his children were brought to him—he had two small boys and one great one—and the women of his family came, and he had talked with them in the presence of Crito, and given his directions, he ordered the women and the children to be taken away: and he himself came to us.

'It was now near sunset, for he had stayed a long time within. And coming to us after his bath, he sat, and did not say much after this. And the Servant of the Eleven came and stood

before him, and said, "Socrates, I shall not have to complain of you as I have of many, that they are angry with me, and curse me when I announce to them, as my duty to the magistrates requires me, that they must drink the poison. On all former occasions I have found you the most generous and gentle and best of all who ever came here; and now I know that you do not blame me; for you know who are the cause of it, and you give the blame to them. And now—for you know what I have come to announce,—be of good cheer, and try to bear as best you may what must be borne." And so saying, he wept and turned away.

'And Socrates, looking at him, said: "And do thou, too, be of good cheer. We will do what thou sayest." And then to us, "How courteous," said he, "is the man! During the time I have been here, he has been in the habit of coming to me and talking with me, and was the best of men. And now

how kindly he weeps for me. But come, Crito," said he, "let us do as he bids. Let some one bring the poison if it is ground; and if not, let the man grind it." And Crito said, "I think, Socrates, the sun is still upon the mountains, and has not yet set. I have known persons who have drank the poison late in the evening; who after the announcement was made to them, supped well and drank well, and enjoyed the society of their dearest friends. Do not act in haste. There is yet time."

"Probably," said Socrates, "those who did as you say, thought that it was a gain to do so: and I have equally good reasons for not doing so. I shall gain nothing by drinking the poison a little later, except to make myself ridiculous to myself, as if I were so fond of life that I would cling to it when it is slipping away. But go," he said; "do as I say, and no otherwise."

'On this, Crito made a sign to the

servant who stood by: and he going out, after some time, brought in the man who was to administer the poison, which he brought prepared in a cup. And Socrates, seeing the man, said: "Well, my excellent friend, you are skilful in this matter: what am I to do?"—"Nothing," said he; "but when you have drunk it, walk about till your legs feel heavy, and then lie down. The drink will do the rest." And at the same time he offered the cup to Socrates. And he, taking it, said very calmly (I assure you, Echecrates, without trembling or changing colour or countenance, but, as his wont was, looking with protruded brow at the man,) "Tell me," said he, "about this beverage; is there any to spare for a libation; or is that not allowable?" And he replied, "We prepare so much, Socrates, as we think to be needed for the potion."—"I understand," said he: "but at least it is allowable and it is right to pray to the gods that our passage

from hence to that place may be happy. This I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this, he put the cup to his lips and drank it off with the utmost serenity and sweetness.

'Up to this time the greater part of us were able to restrain our tears; but when we saw him drink the potion and take the cup from his lips, we could refrain no longer. For my part, in spite of myself, my tears flowed so abundantly that I drew my mantle over my head and wept to myself, not grieving for Socrates, but for my own loss of such a friend.

'And Crito had risen up and gone away already, being unable to restrain his tears. Apollodorus, even before this, had been constantly weeping; and now burst into a passion of grief, wailing and sobbing, so that every one was moved to tears except Socrates himself. And he said: "O my friends, what are you doing? On this account mainly I sent the women away, that they

might not behave so unwisely: for I have heard that we ought to die with good words in our ears. Be silent then and be brave." And we, at hearing this, were ashamed, and refrained our-

selves from weeping. And he walking about, when he said his legs felt heavy, lay down on his back; for so the man directed. And the man who gave him the poison came near him, and after a time examined his feet and legs, and squeezing his foot strongly, asked him if he felt anything; and he said he did not. And then he felt his legs, and so upwards; and showed us that they were cold and stiff. And feeling them himself, he said that when the cold reached his heart, he would depart. And now the lower part of the body was already cold, and he uncovering his face, for he had covered it, said—the last words that he spoke—"Crito," said he, "we owe a cock to Æsculapius: discharge it and do not neglect it."—"It shall be done," said Crito.—To this he

made no reply; but after a little time there was a movement in the body; and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were set. And hereupon Crito closed his mouth and his eyes. This was the end, Echecrates, of our friend: of all the men whom we have known, the best, the wisest, and the most just.'

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